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Labour's Economic Policy
by T. Balogh

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A page by VICKY

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Comments on the Week's News .. 658
Economic Battleground. T. Balogh 662
United States of West Africa? Basil Davidson 663
London Diary. A. J. P. Taylor 663
This England 664
Kremican 3958 A.D. Reginald Reynolds 664
The Rational Father. G. D. H. Cole 666
Transport in Trouble. Ernest Davies 666
Letter from Australia. Kingsley Martin 670
Anti-blight. Gerda L. Cohen 670

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Thought-Control at the BBC. Tom Driberg 672
A New Comedy. T. C. Worsley .. 674
Missing the Boat? William Whitebait 675
Gramophone Records. William Glock 676

CORRESPONDENCE

Peter Townsend, A. E. Dyson, W. van der Eyken, D. C. Kinloch, Helen Gardner, The Rev. Joseph McCulloch, Hyman Levy, Canon L. John Collins, Lord Pakenham, Philip Williams, E. F. Carritt, J. R. Campbell 678

CHILDREN'S BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

The Magic of E. Nesbit. Margaret Lane 681
Reviews by Raymond Williams, Olivier Todd, Arthur Marshall, Betty Miller, James Reeves, Jennifer Bourdillon, Richard Garnett, Anna Madge, C. S. Bennett, Eileen Fraser, Philippa Downes 682
Books in General:
The Unclassifiable Image. John Raymond 697
Conversation Piece. John Holloway .. 698

REVIEWS

Act in Hope. C. P. Snow 698
Desert Child. Doris Lessing 700
More from the Horse's Mouth. V. S. Pritchett 700
How to Succeed as a Writer. K. W. Gransden 702
A Cobweb at Windsor. A. J. P. Taylor 702
Week-end Competition 703
The Chess Board. Assiac 704
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 704
City Lights. Taurus 705

The Rising Curve of Murder

THE mills of political folly grind slowly and silently; but there comes a moment when their sound can no longer be drowned by the complacent chatter of ministerial statements. The Cyprus crisis is now well into its fifth year. Throughout this period, the government has been offered periodic chances to negotiate a settlement – unilateral truces from Eoka, and most recently the highly important Greek Cypriot offer to abandon Enosis. Behind a variable smokescreen of British 'plans', each opportunity has been rejected. One consistent thread runs through the ambiguities and oscillations of British policy during the last five years: the determination, at all costs, to maintain British sovereignty on the island. That this ran contrary to the principle of self-determination – to which British foreign policy has been pledged for the last 150 years – and involved the progressive suspension of the civil and human rights of the island's inhabitants, was ruthlessly accepted. For the government was convinced that, in the last resort, its policy would work; that it was physically possible to impose its will on the island.

It is this basic assumption which is now challenged. By ignoring Makarios's offer to rule out union with Greece, and by proceeding, despite all warnings, with the application of the 'co-partnership plan', the government deliberately invited a head-on conflict with Eoka. That conflict is now taking place; and it is already likely that Eoka is winning it. Eoka's influence has, in the past, fluctuated; at times it has been generally unpopular with the Greek Cypriots, and there have been moments when a generous political concession on Britain's part might have effectively broken its power. Slowly but surely, however, British political intransigence has persuaded the mass of the Greek Cypriots that violence is their only effective weapon; while the logic of a deteriorating military situation has driven the security forces into acts – the Famagusta *ratissage* and now the indiscriminate arming of British civilians – which have convinced even moderate Cypriots that they are now engaged in a war between peoples. To beat the British, Eoka had first to conquer the Cypriots. It now seems that this has been accomplished.

For the first time, therefore, the government's cynicism is yielding to panic. From being an irritant, calculated to improve Tory electoral chances, Eoka is now straining the entire military and administrative structure of the island, and making government itself – let alone any 'adventure in partnership' – almost impossible. Desperate, ludicrous remedies are being touted around: Lord Harding suggests seizing the property of the Orthodox Church; the *Daily Mail*, the replacement of Foot by Montgomery, the mounting of security troops on horses – and even the summoning of the Canadian Mounties. But nobody dares to advocate the only methods which could restore 'law and order' on Britain's terms, for they know these would not be acceptable to the public. The British can be reconciled to colonialist methods, provided they are tidy. But Cyprus can never be tidy again under British rule.

The government's uneasiness was apparent in Mr Macmillan's hesitant statement on Wednesday. Not only was he forced to admit that he had gone ahead with the partnership plan against the express advice of M. Spaak; he was also driven to concede that the UN might now be the best forum for a settlement. Once more he expressed the belief that the security forces were getting the upper hand, but there was no ring of conviction in his tone. It was only too clear that, but for the pressure of the solid ranks of Tory intransigents behind him, he would now be willing to make the political move which alone can break the deadlock. This being so, it was the obvious moral, as well as the constitutional, duty of the opposition to supply the political courage the government so clearly lacks, and demand a response to Makarios's crucial concession. But Mr Gaitskell, hypnotised into political immobility by the public opinion polls, was more concerned to express bipartisan horror at the latest killings. Yet the rising curve of murder will continue until the opposition learns that the only escape from killing lies in political challenge to the benches opposite. The time, indeed, is coming, perhaps sooner than either party suspects, when the British public will look beyond the mere fact of violence to the political policies which make it inevitable.

Comments on the Week's News

Pressure on Berlin

After Quemoy, Berlin. Mr Krushchev has decided to switch the point of crisis back to Europe, where brinkmanship may be much more dangerous for both sides. While no one can yet be certain how much pressure the Russians will be willing to exert on the sensitive western position in Berlin, there is no doubt that they can create a very difficult situation without much difficulty. The main purpose of the new moves seems similar to the motive for shelling Quemoy. In the Far East, the crisis put the recognition of China back on the agenda: in Europe, the aim is to push the West towards some more formal acceptance of the East German regime. All the evidence supports this view. There is, first, the coming East German election which will make a convenient excuse for giving Grotewohl and Ulbricht full 'sovereignty' over the DDR. Secondly, there is the continuing East German demand for direct negotiations between the two German governments for some loose form of federation, and for a joint effort to secure a German peace treaty. Thirdly, the Poles have revised the Rapacki proposals for disengagement in central Europe, and these envisage the withdrawal of 'foreign' troops from Germany – and presumably from Poland, where Soviet units are stationed along the lines of communication to the garrison in East Germany. Finally, in the statement on the talks between Krushchev and Gomulka, the Rapacki plan is linked directly to the East German demand for recognition. This is, therefore, a co-ordinated political offensive which is going to gather momentum in the next few weeks. It will not be enough for the West to meet it by negatively insisting on the rights of the three western powers to maintain their position in Berlin: if control over the right of access is passed to the East Germans, they can no doubt make the western powers choose between some kind of *de facto* recognition and drastic emergency action. What London and Washington must do, before such a choice is forced on them, is to decide whether they have any policy for Berlin beyond the continuation of the present arrangements. It would be well worth giving the Rapacki plan new and more serious consideration – as has already been suggested by, among others, Mr Diefenbaker.

The Disarmament Crisis

A ludicrous note is creeping into the deliberations of the twin disarmament conferences at Geneva. At the surprise-attack conference, the Russians have insisted on linking a surprise-control system to the destruction of atomic stockpiles, and have been roundly denounced by the West for confusing this technical problem with the wider question of disarmament itself. At the test-control conference, the US has insisted on linking the one-year suspension with 'progress in other fields of disarmament', and have been denounced by the Russians for exactly the same reason. This analysis more or less sums up the *bona fides* of both sides. In fact, however, the conferences are not strictly speaking parallel: the test-control talks are political, designed to implement the technical agreement reached in August; while the surprise-attack talks are still at the technical stage. Russia has, characteristically, added to the confusion by bringing a team of top scientists to the political talks, and by sending a Deputy Foreign Minister to lead her delegation at the technical talks – which he opened with a purely political speech. The chances of the former succeeding have, of course, been seriously diminished by the revelation that Russia has continued testing exceptionally 'dirty' bombs since the talks began; nevertheless neither side seems willing to break them off yet. The surprise-attack talks, on the other hand, have never stood much chance of success, for they come much nearer to the core of disarmament. Though both US and Soviet military doctrine explicitly rules out the strategy of a surprise attack, both admit what is termed the 'pre-emptive strategy' of a counter-surprise attack, which in practice amounts to very much the same thing. Any attempt to inspect the mechanics of such a blow would oblige each to reveal to the other the innermost secrets of its nuclear order of battle. Small wonder that the conference is expected to discuss, as one delegate put it, 'mainly theoretical problems'.

Setbacks for Nasser

The curious incident involving King Hussein's flight over Damascus raises a number of awkward questions. First, was he planning to abdicate? This seems unlikely. Mr Anthony Nutting was recently banned from Jordan for making this suggestion in print, and the King specifically announced the date of his return before he left Amman. On the other hand, he clearly anticipated trouble during his absence: hence his appointment of a 'neutral' regency council, which included such professional fence-sitters as the elderly Said Mufti. The British government, for its part, is believed to have informed the UAR that, in the event of an insurrection in Jordan leading to its incorporation into the UAR, Britain would raise no objection to an Israeli occupation of the West Bank; and the point was recently underlined by substantial British arms deliveries, including submarines, to Israel. Most observers, therefore, concluded that Nasser would make no move to overthrow the Hashemite regime by force while Hussein was away. In the event, the Syrians – probably acting without orders from Cairo – seem to have attempted to kidnap the King, and their humiliating failure has served to boost Hussein's popularity, at any rate on the East Bank. This was Nasser's second set-back within a week, for the arrest of Colonel Aref in Baghdad, and his manifest failure to wrest control of the streets from General Kassem, was a serious defeat for the Baath Party, which stands for the reunification of the Arab world under Nasser's leadership. Aref, too, seems to have acted on his own initiative, and Nasser must be cursing the blundering amateurishness of his over-enthusiastic followers. But both events – however galling to the pan-Arabists – should be seen merely as incidents in the continuing and complex struggle for control of the Arab world.

The Queen's Shilling

The general public reaction to the report of the advisory committee set up almost a year ago by Mr Duncan Sandys 'to examine the factors bearing on the willingness of men and women to serve in the armed forces' suggests that the public, besides being delighted that the army has at last been told a few home truths, is as determined as any professional politician to have done with conscription by the end of 1960. Few government Blue Books can have had a better press than the 50,000-word document produced last week by Sir James Grigg and his six colleagues – one of whom was, by happy coincidence, the editorial director of the *Daily Mirror*. And the government has shown an awareness of public opinion in accepting nearly all the recommendations that were made to it. Indeed, despite the squall which has blown up over out-of-date military equipment, Mr Sandys is probably well pleased with the committee's work. For, although the report deliberately withholds comment on the central issue in dispute between Mr Sandys and his opponents – whether the government target of 375,000 volunteers is a figure based on real service needs or merely an actuarial calculation of what will, with luck, turn up – the publication of the Grigg report probably strengthens Mr Sandys's hand. To reinforce their favourable reception, the committee drops at least one veiled threat: 'We consider the implementation of our recommendations essential if current rates of recruiting are to be maintained or improved.' Nor did the report fail to indicate just how difficult the task will be. For Mr Sandys to achieve even his present target, the services will have to recruit in the next four years one in three of all the men available to them; and for the four years following 1962, one in four. Even with the chilly draught of unemployment making itself felt in certain areas, that may prove a considerably more difficult task than the recent high-season recruiting figures would suggest. The Grigg committee has done at least something to make it seem for the first time a possibility.

Malta Talks Resumed

The Malta conference which starts in London next Monday opens the latest chapter in the sorry story which began in 1955. For the first year and a half remarkable progress was made towards integrating this island people into the British community. Since then exasperation and a loss of trust have rapidly followed each other until now any hope of integration in the foreseeable future has been lost. There has been no Maltese government in office for the last six months, and during this period of Governor's rule, the affairs of the island have reached virtual stagnation. The main task of the conference, therefore, is to find a path which will lead out of this morass. The first essential is to re-create good faith between Britain and Malta, and this demands conciliation on both sides. The Maltese have a right to expect that constitutional arrangements will be provided for integration, although without representation at Westminster for the present. They will also look for the implementation of the economic provisions agreed in July of last year, but with additional aid to provide for the loss of revenue and employment caused by Britain's new defence policy. If an agreement on these lines can be reached on a friendly basis, this could form a transitional arrangement with the remote future left unplanned; and the possibility of full integration would not be excluded. To enable Mr Mintoff to convince his people that this is a genuine new start, the British government must show honesty of purpose and accept an agreed time-table. From Mr Mintoff we have the right to expect some willingness to believe that the British can be honest.

No to Nye

Mr Aneurin Bevan was due to deliver in Portugal a series of lectures on 'Democracy'. The Salazar regime is, theoretically at least, dedicated to this concept, and has been at great pains to prove to the outside world – through such organs as *The Times* newspaper – that it translates it into practice. Its refusal to allow him into the country, therefore, is one more sign of Salazar's loss of confidence in the future of his dictatorship. Since General Delgado's challenge for the presidency in the spring, nothing has gone right for the regime. Salazar's drastic Cabinet reshuffle – which involved ousting the extreme Fascist elements – has signally failed to restore his popularity among the middle-class groups which once supported him. The election of a reformist Pope may well transform the current neutrality of the Church towards his regime into active hostility. The cost of living is still rising rapidly, and there have been widely scattered and in some cases prolonged strikes among both industrial workers and peasants. In Delgado, Salazar has a young, able and respectable opponent whom no one can accuse of Communism, anti-westernism or anti-clericalism. Above all, the country is now in permanent political ferment, swept by a growing conviction that at last something is going to happen. Against this background, the visit of a radical of such international stature as Mr Bevan might have provided the fatal spark; its interdiction, therefore, is very easily understood. It serves, nevertheless, to remind the world of the true nature of the regime and the desperate lengths to which it is now driven to preserve itself.

More Trouble in Ghana

The arrest of 43 Ghanaian politicians is bound to increase the anxiety of all moderate British opinion for the safety of democratic liberties in Ghana. The accused are mainly officials of the Accra branch of the opposition United Party. They have been detained under the Preventive Detention Act, which denies them recourse to the courts, empowers the government to detain them without trial for up to five years, and allows them only the right of petitioning the Governor-General, who is himself obliged to act on the advice of the Cabinet. This is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. If there is genuine evidence of a plot against Dr Nkrumah's life, then a trial would both test the evidence in court and, in so doing, provide full justification for the government's attitude. By using its powers of detention in what is, on the face of it, a criminal matter, Dr Nkrumah's government arouses suspicions about the strength of its case and so about its devotion to the rule of law. Moreover, the substitution of emergency powers for the process of law must draw the attention of the world outside to the unstable and potentially lawless condition of any country which does it. We do not believe that Dr Nkrumah wishes to be a dictator; and certainly he and his government have the right to protect themselves from armed insurrection. But they must understand that in the rest of the Commonwealth – indeed in democratic countries everywhere – action of this kind will seem to support the argument that there is either an incipient state of revolt in Ghana or a total lack of concern for personal justice.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Electoral Fiasco

Our Paris Correspondent writes: 'If by some misfortune the next parliament should prove unwilling to accommodate itself to the role in which it has been cast, the Republic will without doubt be plunged into a fresh crisis, whose outcome no one can predict except in one respect: whatever happens, parliamentary institutions will be swept away for a long period'. Thus de Gaulle at his 23 October press conference, in an attempt to impress upon the nation the high seriousness of the elections which take place on Sunday fortnight. The attempt would seem to have failed, for the campaign is being conducted in unparalleled confusion, and the electorate is being presented not with a clear choice on the fundamental issues which have to be decided, but with a ferocious battle of personalities and place-seekers. The most despicable tactics of the Fourth Republic have been resurrected, indeed embellished, with the various Gaullist parties – all pledged to end the abuses of the party system – in the van.

Efforts to predict the results, even in the vaguest terms, have been unavailing, for the campaign has so far been conducted largely on local issues and personal merits; the attitude of most candidates has been to leave national issues to de Gaulle. Meetings have been rare and poorly attended. Nobody knows what will happen to the million votes the CP lost over the referendum, the further million Mendès-France swung to the Radicals in 1956, or the 2.5 million Poujadists. The prefects, who normally give a reasonably accurate forecast, expect the Socialists and the classical right to benefit most from the run-off system, but they decline to predict the result of the first ballot.

In Algeria, by contrast, the result is already a foregone conclusion, and one which can bring little comfort to de Gaulle. Anxious to secure the election of a solid bloc of 46 Algerian nationalists – with whom he hoped to negotiate a political settlement – he believed this could be secured simply by a peremptory order to General Salan to ensure free elections and by an appeal to moderate Algerians to defy the FLN. Both assumptions proved unfounded. The army carried out the letter of de Gaulle's instruction, but not its spirit; and in these circumstances, the liberal Europeans, such as Jacques Chevallier, Alain Savary and Fonlupt-Esperaber, who planned to form lists with Algerian nationalists, reluctantly withdrew their candidatures. De Gaulle was strongly urged by his representative on the spot, Ambassador Hoppenot, to postpone the elections. But the General was unwilling to admit defeat openly, and the campaign is to go on regardless of the consequences.

These will be disastrous, not only for Algeria but for France herself. Despite every kind of pressure, not a single Algerian nationalist is standing. A number of *beni-oui-ouis* have been rounded up and 'persuaded' to stand, but their quality can be judged by the following laconic note in *France-Soir*: 'The list of M. Lagaillarde in Algiers includes M. Ahmed Djebour, a friend of M. Le Pen; he has already been the object of an FLN assassination attempt and is accompanied everywhere by two police inspectors'. (Le Pen, it will be recalled, was the only deputy in the Assembly openly to defend torture.) Since nearly 50 deputies of M. Djebour's type will shortly be arriving at the Palais Bourbon, the problems of the police commissioner in charge of security there will clearly be of some magnitude. But what of the problems of France as a whole? The object of increasing Algerian representation in the Assembly was to give an effective vote to Algeria's nine million Moslems. But what, in fact, will happen, is that the tiny extremists' clique, who controlled less than 30 votes under the Fourth Republic and who were more responsible than any other single group for making it unworkable, will now control nearly 70. Hence the new republic will start off with a built-in tendency to anarchy.

New York

Post-mortem

Like most American mid-term elections, this one was a grab-bag of contradictions, personalities, and political irrelevancies. Undoubtedly it added up to the worst drubbing the Republicans have taken since the Thirties.

For the first time, Vice-President Nixon's shrewd political instincts failed him. As its top strategist, he could have minimised the anticipated losses for his party by concentrating on individual state campaigns, treating them as separate contests. Instead, he chose to gamble the Administration's prestige on the results, drew the President into the arena in a most partisan way, and openly called for a national vote of confidence. The consequence is that, whether or not voters intended to repudiate the President and his policies, the outcome is being interpreted, in the words of the Des Moines *Register*, as 'a strong vote of no confidence in the Eisenhower Administration'.

Speaker Rayburn and Senator Johnson, the moderate Texans who manage Congress, are promising to meet the President half-way, especially on foreign policy, but his campaign barbs have left wounds that will hinder that co-operation. At his first press conference after the election, Mr Eisenhower took pains to explain that when he warned against electing those 'Democrat radicals' in the campaign he had meant only the 'spender wing' of the party, but Rayburn sourly remarked that 'he did a pretty good job of indicting our party as a whole'. And the Speaker is not the most forgiving of men. While 'bipartisanship' will continue to be the word in foreign policy, a Senate investigation of Secretary Dulles's diplomacy is being planned, with special emphasis on Quemoy. From regarding himself as the personal embodiment of the nation's will in foreign relations, Dulles has suddenly tacked about and is now all for consultations with Democratic Congressional leaders. After all, it seems, no man is an island, not even an offshore island.

By all odds, the biggest single winner in the November sweepstakes was Senator John F. Kennedy. To stay in the forefront of Democratic presidential hopefuls, experts had warned, he would have to win re-election by at least 300,000 votes. He won by more than 800,000, a stunning and record-breaking plurality in Massachusetts. It is equally important that his Catholicism seems far less a handicap today than it did before the voting. Three of the biggest states in the Union – California, Pennsylvania, and Ohio – elected Catholic governors, each of whom will therefore be in control of a major delegation at the next party convention. Mayor Wagner, likewise a Catholic, will probably be the dominant power in the New York delegation. It does not follow, of course, that these leaders will automatically be for Kennedy, but obviously, as far as they are concerned, his religion will be no bar. Eugene McCarthy's election to the Senate from Protestant Minnesota, moreover, is regarded as another

indication that the ordeal of Al Smith is part of the nation's buried past.

Just as surely as Kennedy gained the most ground in the election, Nixon lost the most. For six years he was the Republicans' heir apparent, unchallenged for the succession and without a challenger in sight. Today, in view of the Democratic sweep in California, party people are openly wondering whether he could carry his own state. At the same time, Nelson Rockefeller, a Willkie type of Republican in personality as well as politics, won the governorship of New York against the nationwide Democratic tide. In both California and New York special circumstances contributed heavily to these results, but in politics it isn't the game that counts, but whether you win or lose. No one assumes, of course, that Nixon is through. Party organisations in every state are deeply indebted to him, and he can be counted on to use every resource in the battle that lies ahead. 'We shall begin working tomorrow for the victory which will be ours in November 1960,' the Vice-President said on the morning after. Presumably he meant the Republican Party, but Rockefeller's supporters will do well not to count on that.

ROBERT BENDINER

Teheran

Noblesse Oblige

A Correspondent in Teheran writes: The present Shah is belatedly trying to turn himself into a modern reformist dictator of the same type as his father, Reza Shah, or Ataturk. With more charm than Farouk, more personality than Feisal, and more intelligence than either, he has at least an outside chance of outlasting the remaining shaky monarchies of the Middle East. He has recently begun to hold monthly press conferences for Iranian journalists at which he answers extempore questions about foreign and domestic policy which would normally be answered by ministers. It is perhaps a mortal weakness of the regime that few of the existing ministers would be capable of holding such a conference. The Shah himself has made great progress. It is reported that when he began to distribute the crown lands to the peasants he was photographed at the ceremony of handing over the title deeds with a look of extreme distaste on his face. He now does it with a much better grace. The crown lands include about six per cent of all the villages in Iran and redistribution is proceeding slowly but steadily. So far the large landowners have shown no sign of following his example.

The Shah appears to be feeling his way towards a position where he will be forced to appeal directly to the people and base his support on the peasants and new industrial workers If he does evolve into a sort of middle eastern Peron he can scarcely avoid a head-on clash with the vested interests that will oppose him. At present the potential sources of danger to the regime appear to be either docile or destroyed. The government has felt strong enough to release about 200 political prisoners, including former army officers convicted of being involved in Tudeh Party activities. The army has been rewarded for its loyalty by a Gilbertian mass promotion which has raised everyone's rank. The 750,000 Arab-speaking Iranians in Kurdistan, which includes most of the oil-producing areas, have shown no sign of starting a separatist movement as yet. Neither did they react to the Iraqi revolution as the Kuwaitis did. They are, however, an underprivileged minority for whom the government has done nothing (as it is now hastily trying to do for the Kurds) and if the UAR were to take an interest in the area it could cause trouble. Communists are ruthlessly suppressed, but Russian influence is obvious, and the Iranians have none of that instinctive anti-Russian feeling to be found in Turkey. The government is quite prepared to be friendly with the Soviets and to consider accepting Soviet aid.

But if the government appears to be firmly established it cannot fail to be aware that Nuri Said's government appeared to be just as solid a few months ago on a triangular basis of crown, loyal tribesmen and army. Recently some measures have been taken such as a bill to combat corruption in officials and another creating machinery to enable the public to press complaints against government departments. Opinion is divided as to whether these measures are meant to be effective or mere window-dressing which will make the people more bitter when they see through them. Admirers of Nuri Said hoped that the increasing prosperity of Iraq would create a large middle class which would stabilise the regime. In fact many of the new middle class felt increasingly frustrated as their country grew in wealth and power while remaining in the control of a reactionary clique.

Economic development may not be enough in itself but Iran is making great progress in this sphere. Since Iran already produces nearly enough food to feed itself (sugar being the only important import) it will become a major exporter of agricultural produce in the future. At present only 10 per cent. of the arable land is under active cultivation and farming methods are primitive, so that both the yield per acre and the cultivated area could be increased several times. In Reza Shah's time a few industries were started, but they are now being modernised and expanded. The plastics factory at Ahwaz will be unique in the Middle East and the Plan Organisation hopes to make Iran a large-scale exporter of canned foods. The greatest obstacle to development is the poor standard of communications and 32.6 per cent. of the £350 million budget for the Seven Year Plan has been allocated for their improvement. About a quarter of the budget is being spent on social services and the result of a vigorous anti-illiteracy campaign is that 1,750,000 are attending classes in a population which is rather less than 20 million.

Fleet Street

Sex Marches On

Crime pays: Last Sunday the *News of the World* published its 6,000th issue. This is not an occasion which may be expected to fill all observers of the British social scene with equally undiluted pleasure. But it is not one that any student of the British character can afford to ignore. For during most of its 115 years, the *News of the World* has secured the consistent adherence of a larger number of satisfied readers than any other newspaper in the world.

Despite its numerical aplomb last Sunday's paper was not a vintage issue. But it provided a good sample of the tried and trusted menu that has satisfied the customers. What did they get for their 4d? Four cases of rape, two of living on immoral earnings, one of publishing obscene photographs, two of improper assault, a divorce case, a soliciting charge, various minor episodes of delinquency, and a front-page story: 'White Slavers Seize 1,000 Beautiful French Girls Every Year'. Meaty stuff, it will be seen, although to my mind boring – rape and improper assault rarely lend themselves to originality. However, according to readership surveys, approximately 16 million people disagree with me. Of course *News of the World* readers get other things as well. At present they get, pretty regularly, Aneurin Bevan on politics (it used to be Bob Boothby), 'A Harley Street Specialist' on illness, Ralph Wightman on country life, and a very comprehensive coverage of sport. But it is the careful, objective reporting of rape, seduction, marital infidelity and indecent assault in whatever parts of the British Isles they are to be found (and the *News of the World* manages to find them in most) that gives the paper the distinctive character that has endeared it to so many for so long. With this formula it achieved the then phenomenal sale of 100,000 copies a week more than a century ago. And although it was momentarily outpaced by *Lloyd's Weekly News* in the high summer of Victorian morality, it is this same formula that has kept it well ahead of all competitors since the beginning of this century. All Fleet Street's revolutions pass it by. You might almost pick up a copy of half a century ago and, from content and typographical make-up alike, think you were reading last Sunday's issue. Moralists and social reformers may say what they will, but those who inhabit the *News of the World* offices know that the English like their Sundays to be violent, bloody and concerned with what goes on in public parks.

Some have argued that the tastes it caters for are those of an older, simpler generation. The record seems to belie this. The advance of popular education has not dimmed its lustre. In 1930 it had a circulation of 3,410,000. By 1955 this had risen to over 8,420,000 – a figure not only far higher than any other newspaper in the world but one that marked a far bigger rise than that of any other newspaper in a period of rapidly expanding circulations. The younger generation have lapped up its offerings with the same avidity as their fathers – a phenomenon their teachers and betters must explain if they can. It is true that it has now passed its peak. Its 6,000th issue will not reach as many people as its 5,500th did. In the last three or four years, in fact, it has lost well over 1,500,000 paying readers.

Some of this fall in sales has probably been deliberate. With a circulation of over eight million, it was in danger of being an expensive luxury to its owners. Advertisement rates have to bear some relation to what the traffic will bear, and it was difficult to charge enough to meet the production costs of all that number of millions. Still, on the evidence of the last ABC returns, it sells close on 6,770,000 copies a week; and, if family readership is taken into account, is probably still read by nearly half the population over the age of 16 – not to mention a fair number of those of tenderer years. About 35 per cent. of its readers are in their twenties or early thirties and slightly more than half are women. Nor should the high-minded set too much store on that lost million and a half. It is a fair bet that it is not to the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, or even to *Reynolds News* and the *Sunday Dispatch*, that it has lost them. It is to the *People* and the *Sunday Pictorial*. Even at a circulation level of a mere 6,770,000, it is unlikely that its able and dedicated corps of court reporters will be looking for new jobs yet awhile. And it still charges, and gets, £40 an inch (22 inches to the column, eight columns to the page) for its advertisement space, £55 an inch for special positions. Crime pays. Especially sex crime. As field-work for the social historian the *News of the World* remains mandatory. But it may make you a bit chary of going out after dark.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

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DEEP-IMAGE SCREEN

*

ROSE-COLOURED PICTURES

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ISSUED BY VICKY'S CENTRAL OFFICE OF INFORMATION

The Economic Battleground

ECONOMIC policy is the main battleground on which the general election will be fought, and the government's tactics are already clear. It plans to cash in on its success in 'saving the pound' – while the balance of payments remains favourable – and on a quick 'boomlet' which will distract attention from the real weakness of the British economy. In this way, Mr Macmillan believes the Tories can make an effective appeal to white-collar workers and to the higher-paid artisans, who have recently tasted the sweets of higher consumption without counting the cost in national, or even personal, terms. It is believed that such people will eagerly respond to the freeing of hire-purchase; to the new scheme for house-buying; to the pension scheme which seems fair, but which in fact means very little more than welcome relief to the higher taxpayer; and, no doubt, to handsome tax reductions in a pre-election budget.

The intention is to increase employment, so that by May or so there should be solid grounds to believe in recovery. Of course, Mr Macmillan hopes that we shall have sufficient leeway in our balance of payments to be able to disregard any unfavourable results which may follow from these measures. He also assumes that the revival in durable goods will not weaken exports much; that the liberation of hire-purchase will give only a short once-for-all-boost to total demand; and that subsequently the momentum will be just maintained by the expansion of productive investment. Nor is this all. The government is basing its policy on the even less justifiable hope that, at this later stage, investment will lift productivity sufficiently both to meet the internal wage demands stimulated by the concessions to hire-purchase, and to cope with external competition. Given luck, and the gullibility of the public, the gamble might come off. The payment for it will eventually fall due – after the election.

The seven years of Tory rule have left Britain a much weaker country, knocked out of third place among industrial powers of the world by Germany, about to be pushed down to fifth place by China. This period, moreover, has left Britain far less able to grapple with the future. Two precious economic windfalls of sagging demand and improving terms of trade have not been used decisively to increase investment, and thus to strengthen our competitive position in the struggle for economic co-existence with far stronger and more menacing powers. It has left the Commonwealth weakened, economic expansion at home has stopped, the poorer areas are in grave difficulties, and some of the newly independent territories, in the absence of any cohesion, show signs of drifting towards balkanisation and poverty. One would have thought that, in such circumstances, Labour's counter-attack would not be difficult to mount – that the truth has simply to be proclaimed for the Tories to be thrust from office. In fact, the problem confronting Labour is exceedingly difficult, because it is not easy to make the immense loss of opportunity caused by Tory stagnation really understood by the electorate when consumption is comfortably increasing, and a second-hand car can be acquired without deposit.

The government, moreover, will try to parry Labour criticism with the charge that Labour rule means inflation. Tory spokesmen will ask, with surprised incredulity, how a revival of British economic strength and full employment could be financed at the same time as the social advance which the Labour programme so confidently promises. Any attempt to better the 'sound' record of the government would – they will insist – inevitably result in a runaway rise in prices, a run on the pound and ruin. Playing on these fears and creating an atmosphere of crisis is an old Tory trick. It can be trumped if the electorate is warned in time, and if Labour gives the impression of firm leadership.

If we are to ensure social progress, and, at the same time, buttress Britain's international economic position, some immediate sacrifices must be made to enable us to increase investment. Labour has to pursue both objectives, if Britain is to be secured from balance of payments crises, and is to play its part in the economic advance of the poorer non-committed areas in the face of an increasingly strong Communist challenge. But an increase in investment would make heavy demands on productive resources, and it is by no means certain that such demands can be met merely by reactivating idle plant and men – because, when the time comes, the Tory spending spree may have gone too far. The immediate increase in consumption by those deserving people who have been completely neglected by the Tories – a large number of wage-earners, the pensioners and the health service patients – must therefore be harmonised with investment. This does not mean that we should hold up these reliefs, but it does mean that their impact must be staggered and offset by cuts in consumption elsewhere. It is in this context that the 'burden' of Labour's commitments must be considered.

After a relatively short transition period these social promises could be met without difficulty, especially if the defence budget can be rationalised and trimmed in agreement with the US. The education and health programmes might add some £125 million to the budget, old age pensions might absorb as much as another £150 million in the first year if, as is likely, the immediate increase of ten shillings a week is enacted before the contributory superannuation scheme is introduced. But part of the increase in cost can be offset by cutting the ransom paid by the Tories to the financial community by way of higher interest charges, once control has been re-established over foreign exchanges and banking. Whatever scares the Tories may raise about this 'burden', Labour should not panic, for it is unlikely at first to increase by more than £400 million a year, and the increase might be as low as £300 million. So far as nationalisation is concerned, there should be no difficulty in showing that the proposed schemes, far from costing money, may contribute to national re-equipment, as the cost of borrowing by the government is far lower than the revenue provided by the steel mills or houses acquired.

If, however, this sum is to be found without inflation, it is absolutely essential that Labour, at the outset, should decisively increase productive investment, both in nationalised and private industries, by all the means at its disposal. Flexible and discriminating tax concessions to investment must be given to foster those industries whose expansion and increased efficiency is needed to meet increasing demands for capital and durable consumer goods and to meet foreign competition. West Germany was able to increase consumption and real wages at three times the rate of Britain in the last six years. At the same time, she achieved an increasing export surplus and accumulated gold reserves twice those of the whole Sterling Area, while repaying foreign debts and paying very large reparations for the death and damage caused by the Nazis. This was possible because the German gross national product since 1952 has increased by 43 per cent., against our expansion of only 14.9 per cent. Productivity in Britain since 1952 has increased merely by nine per cent., while in Germany the figure is 21 per cent. All this was achieved by an investment which was more than twice as high in terms of national income as ours, and largely concentrated in steel and engineering. If we could do the same, similar progress could be secured.

What is needed is an increase of at least £400-£500 million in productive investment. The steel companies, now busy conducting their campaign against nationalisation, have chosen an exceedingly unfortunate moment to claim that they have done all that needs doing to expand output capacity. In the lull which struck this country more than a year ago, we could have maintained steel output and so expanded productive capacity by another two or three million tons, all of which will be needed when revival sets in. Instead they cut down their exiguous expansion plans. Yet German steelmaking capacity increased between 1952 and 1957, from 15.5 to 24 million tons, while our own rose only from 16.4 to 21 million tons. This failure is due to the industry's inability in private hands to carry temporary excess capacity: in public hands it could easily do so. Much the same is true of chemical or machine-tool capacity.

In this immense task of increasing productive capacity Labour will be decisively helped by its superannuation scheme. In the best British tradition, individuals will be called upon to provide for their own and for their country's future by saving now and reaping the benefit later. This alone might mean as much as £250 million saving annually – most of which will be a net addition, though some might come from existing pension schemes which would be assimilated in the national plan. This increase in savings must be reinforced by tightening measures against tax evasion and restoring the balance in social justice which has been destroyed in Tory budgets which have given relief mainly to the well-to-do and have encouraged the export of capital.

It is here, perhaps, that the last but the most important condition of Labour success must be met. That is the role of the trade unions. Trade union leaders cannot, at the moment, pledge themselves for the future. This is understandable; but the Labour leadership must be firm in its wage policy as soon as it is able to assure wage earners that their sacrifice will not benefit the more selfish classes in the community. A national wage-policy is conceivable only as part of a national policy on income distribution. The trade unions, moreover, must understand that premature claims for higher wages will inevitably wreck any programme of broad and quickening social advance. Should a temporary lull in wage claims be achieved for, say, a couple of years, at least another £600 million would be free to flow towards investment: our productive investment would thus be doubled, bringing our relative rate up to that of Germany or Russia.

After a temporary sacrifice (or rather abstention from immediate demands), there is no doubt that consumption could be substantially increased (and the rate of increase in consumption could be maintained thereafter) and that we should have dealt with the perennial problems of inflation and external payments. We should have provided sufficient productivity to meet the claims of the trade unions – an increase of wages of some four per cent. – and, at the same time, we should have made it possible to expand our exports at competitive prices. This is the proper answer to Mr Macmillan.

T. BALOGH

United States of West Africa?

THE really interesting period, at any rate for the middle decades of the 20th century, is now about to begin in western Africa. Hitherto it has been all hard sledding over the primitive bumps and prejudice of backward-minded men, whether in Europe or in Africa, who could not see the elementary things – the unwisdom and the wastefulness of colonial rule, its antediluvian structure of thought as well as its immorality by any decent standard of respect for human worth. At last we have passed this crude phase.

Both in British and French West Africa events now move fast. Decisions pass more and more into native hands: difficult decisions regarding problems that are far from simple, tricky problems of frontier readjustment, federal association, foundation of states, future of nationalism where the ideology of nationalism, so far, has been seldom more than cement in building a demand for the rights of man. The big companies have at last seen their interest in accepting West African independence rather than in trying, as they tried for so many years, to prolong the old regimes of colonial rule; and even the Portuguese (with an idependent Guinea next door to their own West African colony) are no longer as complacent as they were.

What will people in West Africa make of this independence? Remote only a handful of years ago, the question is direct and immediate now. On the face of it, at least, they are well on the way towards forming a large number of states between the Atlantic and the forests of the Congo – several of these being small or very small, and many of their leaders being (by all the signs) ignorant, careless, jealous or contemptuous of one another's situation.

Thus it is now probable, and perhaps certain, that, as well as Guinea and Nigeria, Togoland and French Cameroons and one or two more will be added to Ghana and Liberia, as independent states, by 1960. It is likely that others will be there as well, if only because few of the territories of French Africa will happily contemplate such advances by their neighbours without requiring the same, or much the same, for themselves. And yet their present awareness of each other, or even sense of community with each other, appears with one or two exceptions to have remained uniformly small.

All this, of course, is natural and understandable in the phase we have been going through, the elementary phase of 'national struggle', when little or nothing can be usefully done or planned or even imagined until rights of self-government and self-determination are securely won. But will it go on like this?

Present appearances, I think, will prove misleading. We may be a long way from a United States of West Africa – as far, indeed, as from a United States of West Europe: yet the dominant trend seems persistently in that general direction rather than toward separation into disputatious little national units. It needs to be remembered, to begin with, that nationalism in western Africa is seldom founded on a recognisedly exclusive national sentiment: strongest in the British territories, this nationalism has served as a weapon in the hands of those whom British opinion had informed, year after frustrating year, that 'we are a nation, and therefore independent: you are not a nation, and therefore a colony'. The right answer to that, of course, was obvious enough: and Ghana, most notably, has made it. But it is not an answer which can make much sense in West Africa once the basic right of independence is placed beyond dispute.

Guinea is now independent. Is Guinea therefore a nation vowed to a future separate from its neighbours? Its present leaders – and this is one of the ironies of their situation – would probably be the last to think so or even to say so. Sekou Touré, Keita Fodeba, Abdoulaye Diallou – these are men of a somewhat leftish reputation who have pressed most vigorously in the past, not for piecemeal independence in French Africa, but for federal independence. They can be expected to go on pressing for this; and to reintegrate Guinea with an independent French West African federation as soon as that is possible.

If the French Niger territory had followed Djibo Bakary and the Parti du Regroupement Africain by voting 'No' in the Gaullist referendum (as Guinea voted), would it have remained a separate state? Allowing for an off-chance of success, the PRA leaders in Niger had already sent emissaries to Northern Nigeria asking to be allowed to join the Nigerian Federation. A far-fetched notion? On the contrary: both the Niger territory and much of Northern Nigeria were part of the old Hausa states of medieval and post-medieval times, long joined by a common language, common administrative customs, a common trading system. They belong together more than they belong apart.

If Nigeria and Togoland become independent in 1960, as there is every reason to believe they will, what about Dahomey that is sandwiched between them? Its African prime minister, Apithy, has lost no time in pointing out that 'Dahomey won't want to lag behind its neighbours'. Yet Dahomey, for all its indisputable national traditions, is too small and too poor to stay on its own: should it then join up with French Niger, with the Western Region of Nigeria, or with Togoland – and which, by the way, would agree to have it? One has only to put such questions, while looking at the map, to see how far from firm and crystallised these emergent 'state relations' really are.

What are probably the best reasons, though, for thinking that the trend toward 'association' will prove stronger, over the next few years, than the trend toward 'separation' are provided by the Nigerian constitutional conference, and, in another way, by the attitude of the two majority parties in French Africa to the Gaullist referendum. At the Nigerian conference it was shown, time after time, that whenever disagreement became really sharp, threatening breakdown, all the Nigerian leaders were found willing to accept solutions which, in effect, give the Federation a better chance of survival. Even Chief Awolowo of the Western Region, who has every national right to present his region as a separate Yoruba state (with a national tradition almost as old as the English), has preferred to present it as an enduring part of a federation intended to survive. Even within frontiers as wide as those of Nigeria, and as little regardful of ethnic unity, the trend towards association appears after all more potent than the trend away from it. Where a few years ago many Nigerian leaders were hoping for a federal government which would be little more than a central liaison office for sovereign regions, today (for whatever conflicting reasons) they have combined to launch a federal government which seems likely to have the power, as well as the popular backing, to enable Nigeria's many peoples to plan and promote their interests *together* with each other, rather than, regionally, against each other.

In French Africa the two main parties (or federations of parties) were originally offered a choice between seceding from France, small territory by small territory, or remaining permanently within the 'French community' – whatever that might prove to be. When de Gaulle had modified this choice to African advantage after beginning his overseas tour, and after seeing for himself how strong was the underlying drive for independence, both majority parties took the second choice (except for the RDA in Guinea and the PRA in Niger): they voted to remain within the 'community', that is, in order to avert piecemeal secession while conserving the right to push, later on, for federal sovereignty within a new confederal structure with France. Their 'Yes', in short, was a highly tactical yes: they keep before their eyes, or most of them do, the original aim of forming two or more large federated states whose relations with France would be of something of the same order as those of a single Dominion to the Commonwealth.

If all this proves good reading of the evidence, then the wheel may be seen to have swung full circle. Some 40 years ago the 'morning stars' of West African independence, Casely Hayford and his group of friends in the 'National Congress of British West Africa', saw the future in large and federal terms. There followed a long campaign for the getting of independence within colonial frontiers. Today – sooner surely than those few men could really have hoped in their hearts – West Africa, French and British, may not after all be very far from a rational and forward-looking rearrangement into three or four large federations. The thing is far from certain, true enough, and the dismal risk of falling into many small and disputatious states is anything but safely run: yet the chance of it is there. Even a good chance of it.

BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

REMEMBRANCE Sunday has its ceremonial side at the Cenotaph and at war memorials throughout the country. Elsewhere it has become casual, informal, and – as a result – all the more moving. In a remote London park last Sunday, children continued to play on the swings; young men went on kicking a football. Some people stood still, relaxed in meditation; others walked on without stir or offence. It was a strange contrast to Armistice Day between the wars. That had a tense and bitter air – the conformists still trying to assert: 'My country right or wrong'; others protesting the fraud and waste of war, and murmuring resentfully: 'Never again'. Anyone who wishes to understand the origins of the Second World War should study the psychology of Armistice Day. It explains everything – pacifism, appeasement, the failure to distinguish the real evil of Hitler's Germany from the lesser evils of 'the Hun' and Kaiser Bill. Remembrance Day stirs no such conflicts; hence its natural, tolerant spirit. It is no good-saying that all wars are wrong. Englishmen who remember the Second World War know that one war was right. There are many shameful things in our record; but from the moment war broke out we have nothing to reproach ourselves with. No other country can say the same. The first war may have been a war of the bosses. The second was a war of the people. It is regretted only by those who now regard the Germans as pillars of civilisation. In the lull last Sunday, my thoughts turned to the Old Man who led us. Where should we have been without him? Should we too have taken

the path of compromise and surrender? Sir Winston Churchill has done and said many foolish things. But it is thanks to him that we still breathe the air of freedom; thanks to him that children play cheerfully on the swings, and young men kick their football without anxiety. The great phrases rang again through my mind. This was their finest hour – and his.

* * *

The House of Commons, I hear, is at last to have a debate on the Wolfenden Report. Not much good will come of it, and perhaps some harm. The homosexuals are likely to lose on a free vote. I am sorry about this, though not all that sorry. It is silly to have an elaborate inquiry by busy people, and then do nothing. On the other hand, there are many other non-party reforms that I'd put first – the betting laws, for one, the licensing laws for another. I'd certainly take off the penalties on homosexuality, if I could do it with a wave of the finger. The passionate feeling against it comes from the respectable sections of society who are peculiarly exposed to its temptation – army officers, clergymen, schoolmasters, university dons (if we are to believe a Professor of Theology). If it is not a temptation, why make such a fuss about it? My own feeling is simply that homosexuals are missing a lot of fun. This is hardly a reason for sending them to prison. The Wolfenden Report did not take this line. It assumed that homosexuality was wicked, but that it should be tolerated if committed between two consenting adults in private. The morality is odd, wickedness is apparently only what other people notice. I sympathise here with the defenders of the present laws, except that I don't accept their premise. If homosexuality is wicked, it should be stopped whether in private or public. I don't share the sentiment against heavy punishment for real evils. I applauded the prison sentences of those who provoked the race-riots at Notting Hill. The talk about homosexuals corrupting young boys is blown-up nonsense, a perverted wish-fulfilment. The danger to young girls is real; and I can see no case for relaxing the penalties on sex-maniacs. Their cure is a matter of indifference to me.

* * *

There is another recommendation in the Wolfenden Report; and it is more likely to go through. This is the proposal to drive prostitutes off the streets. There is no suggestion that this will lessen prostitution. On the contrary, we are told to look benevolently on the call-girl system which seems to me more shocking in every way. All that matters, however, is keeping up appearances. Sir John Wolfenden and Sir Hartley Shawcross will be able to dine in Soho without being accosted on the way. I have never heard a more monstrous, topsy-turvey proposal. Freedom of the streets for those rich enough to dine out. No freedom of the streets for girls who want to make a living. I cannot understand even the legal sense of it. How can soliciting be a crime, unless prostitution is also? Yet there is no suggestion of this. But of course I am not interested in this game of keeping up appearances. I wish the girls were not there for their own sakes. But they do not shock or offend me. They are quiet, friendly, mostly well-dressed and many of them pleasant to look at. No one is obliged to patronise them; and for my part I welcome a few cheerful greetings as I go to a restaurant. Of course it is very wrong that women should sell their bodies. But this has been not unknown in marriage. The difference is that marriage is a contract for a longer term.

* * *

I have been following with warm attention the preparations to set up a university at Brighton. And not I alone. In every Common Room eager eyes are turned towards the Sussex coast. All the modern universities established so far, with the exception of Exeter, are in towns not themselves attractive; and Exeter is far from the metropolis. I enjoyed every moment of the ten years I spent at Manchester. Yet who would choose to live there, or in any other great English city, if not pulled to it by an existing university? Beauty corrupts the moral sense – that is what it is for; and he who has lived in Oxford or Cambridge feels the call of duty grow dim. It seemed that we were taken captive by beauty. But now Brighton offers release: beautiful buildings, better climate, finer country, and fast trains to London. I fear that the waiting-list for professorial chairs at Brighton must already be full. But if the university there wants to shine, I have a valuable suggestion to make. Let the university create chairs with a starting age of 65. At present we are all going to be flung out on the street at 65 or 67. A retiring age is the right thing for heavy manual labour; it may even be all right for scientists who reach their best point early, and for mathematicians who are said to lose their originality after 30. It is quite wrong for historians. We mature. I should like to rewrite all the books I wrote before I was 40 (I did with one); soon I shall feel the same about those I wrote before I was 50. I am just beginning to have a gleam how history should be written. It is the same with lecturing. Only in the past few years have I begun to see how a lecture should be shaped and what it should try to do. But I am constantly pulled up by the thought: what's the use of cultivating new ground when I have only 15 years to reap the crop? The prospect of a chair with no retiring age would restore my confidence. It might even lure some of the great non-writers in the historical profession into putting pen to paper.

* * *

Mr Butler chose a wet day to cut the tape for another stretch of improvement on the Great North Road. All this road-building is a great puzzle to me. We were told in the Thirties, when there were two million unemployed, that we had no economic resources for making roads. Now we are making roads all over the place, when – according to the Conservatives – we have full employment or next door to it. Perhaps this is a gigantic deception. Perhaps we are living in the middle of a deep depression, concealed from us by the most enlightened and strenuous Keynesianism. I would not pretend to decide. I have never understood economics since one of my colleagues explained the subject to me. However, I have opinions on other aspects of the road-question. I do not see how there can be any hesitation in keeping licensed houses off the new motor-ways. Indeed I am coming round, most reluctantly, to the view that every driver should be a teetotaller. The other night I sat next to a Swedish professor who had become one in order to get a 20 per cent. reduction on his insurance premiums. This is an enlightened policy which our companies should copy. As to the new roads themselves, I wish they were not being made. The *Manchester Guardian*, usually so sensible, had a most wrong-headed leader the other day, arguing that we should put all our money in roads and forget about the railways. Of course if we spend an unlimited amount on roads and nothing on railways, the roads will get a bit better and the railways worse. But if I had to choose one or other, I'd choose railways; and I wish the community would do the same. As it is, I watch the race between new roads and new cars with resigned curiosity. I still think the cars will win; and it will be one of the happiest days of my life, when I see the streets of central London choked with empty cars. Their owners will have abandoned them for ever and gone home sensibly by train.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Sir William McLean's letter in your issue of today reminds me that, in the summer of 1915 in Cairo, an Egyptian peasant, seeing me in uniform opposite him in a tramcar, asked smilingly whether I knew 'Kitch'ner'. On my nodding assent, he took my hand and said with conviction: 'Him plenty good feller'. As an unsolicited testimonial to Kitchener's work for his kind, it seemed to me that this could not have been improved upon.—Letter in *The Times*. (Antony Phillips.)

Next year I'm going on a cycling and camping holiday with another girl. We plan to find a quiet spot on the Norfolk coast and spend as much time as we can sun-bathing and swimming in the nude. I know you will advise me against this but it is a thing I have always wanted to do. I wouldn't mind people seeing me in my birthday suit provided they did not come too close or run off with my clothes. Will we be breaking the law, and if we were seen, could we be prosecuted? I am eighteen.—Letter in *She*. (D. M. Gibbins.)

I have a Lily of the Nile plant and would like to know why it weeps. Big blobs of water fall upon the tips of the leaves. I lost my wife a fortnight ago and since then the weeping has seemed to increase.—Letter in Aberdeen *Sunday Post*. (A. Scoales.)

Kremican 3958 A.D.

'The electors of the German Democratic Republic will go to the polls this week-end to give their approval to the coalition list of candidates for the People's Chamber drawn up by the National Front' (*Democratic German Report*, Berlin).

From the College of Comrade Cardinals
(conversing
By stereophonic, televised transmission)
Ether, oedematous from inanition,
Sucks in the waves of blessing and of cursing.

As perilous now as once was the choice of Paris
The unsuccessful candidate's rejection;
The gamble is for the supreme election:
It's either Pontifex or *pontus maris*.

Silent, a timid race regards the spectacle,
Their world the oyster coveted by faction—
Afraid to act, yet fearful of inaction
Or Lost Communion with the Dialectical.

Zombie Patrols still guard the Nuts of
Knowledge;
But Commissars of Outer Space with patience
Attend light-years, in distant constellations,
The *last* elections by the Party College.

Here the directives of long-dead Directors,
With Party Linesmanship of antique order,
Are registered on the entrenched recorder –
The electronic will-and-brain-protector.

And those who are not born will hear, will see,
Will serve, when he is dead, each hero chosen
Till Earth grows cold, and from those lips long
frozen
Dead edicts echo in the Galaxy.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

the things they say!

Most of the troubles in industry today arise because, in the big firms, the men at the top know nothing about the chaps at the bottom.

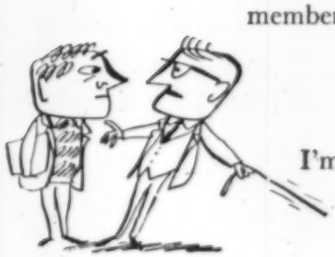
Well, that's not true of my outfit — I.C.I.

Why not? I.C.I. is one of the biggest firms in the country —

Yes, but we've been conscious of this problem for years, and we realise there's no easy solution to it.

One thing that does help is our Works Council Scheme.

This is how it operates. The workers in I.C.I.'s factories elect their representatives — by ballot — to their Works Council, to which members of the management are also appointed. At their monthly meetings the main interest is local domestic problems, including accident prevention and production matters. The Works Councils in their turn send members to Councils representing each manufacturing Division, which meet twice a year.



But how do the workers meet the top men — the Board of Directors?

I'm coming to that. Each Division Council sends representatives to a Central Council that also meets twice a year. There the men from the shop floor put their point of view on all sorts of topics before the Chairman himself and the Directors.

What sort of topics — rates of pay, perhaps?

No, those matters we negotiate with the Trade Unions. These Councils deal with other features of the Company's labour policy.

The interest they showed in the idea of Profit-Sharing, for example, helped to bring our I.C.I. scheme into being. I.C.I.'s 1,300 Works Councillors are an important link between top management and workers, because they do a lot to ensure that the Company's policies are understood by everybody.

ICI

The Rational Father

ANY man who lives to be 87 runs a big risk of outliving the causes in which he has spent the better part of his life, and of being, if not forgotten, largely ignored in his latter years. This fate, indeed, befell Robert Owen, the centenary of whose death falls next Monday. Yet it had been his fortune in his day to inspire mass feeling and to be a great and lastingly significant influence in more than one capacity, playing in his single-mindedness of outlook roles not easily reconciled in the person of one man.

At the root of Robert Owen's ideas lay the belief that men's characters depend above all on the circumstances they are placed in; and that it is wrong to blame them if, placed in unfavourable conditions, they proceed to act amiss. The main emphasis, therefore, should be laid on surrounding men with circumstances in which they will be encouraged to act rightly. By this, Owen did not mean that individual differences of temperament count for nothing. What he meant was that in every society values are socially determined, so that each society tends to get the men and women it deserves. Applying this to his own society and others of the early 19th century, he saw them as being so designed as to encourage individual self-seeking on the part of their members, instead of a spirit of friendly collaboration in the common service; and the religions practised in these societies seemed to him bad because they blamed men for their individual misdeeds instead of blaming society for encouraging them to act amiss.

Up to a point, Robert Owen's story is like that of any successful fortune-hunting capitalist of the Industrial Revolution; for before he became known as a social reformer or Socialist, he had made his name and fortune as a great employer – the famous Mr Owen of New Lanark, whose highly successful cotton spinning factory observers came from all over the world to see. But even at this stage he was no ordinary employer; for he recognised an obligation, as most employers of his day did not, to provide for the well-being of those whom he employed. When his mill was shut down because his materials were cut off by war blockade, he went on paying wages though no work could be done; and later, with the aid of like-minded partners, he put into force a system under which surplus profits were to be used for the benefit of the workers employed. By the time he was able to do these things he had already made his bow as a reformer, expounding his views in his *New View of Society*, or *Essays on the Formation of Human Character*, which he published in 1813 and 1814.

He first aroused widespread attention when, during the period of unemployment and distress that followed the Napoleonic wars, he came forward with a practical proposal that, instead of maintaining the workless in unproductive idleness, society should settle them in villages of co-operation where they could produce and consume together, instead of being a burden on the rest of society. This was the theme of his addresses of 1817 and of his great *Report to the County of Lanark* in 1820; and on this conception was based his much wider notion of reorganising the whole world into villages of co-operation which would render states and governments unnecessary.

Himself an expert in mass-production and well aware of its great achievement in the cotton industry, Owen was very ready to believe that what had been achieved in one field of production could be achieved in all, and that the problem of producing enough to assure everyone the material means to a full and rounded life had already been solved. In imagination, he saw the whole world covered with fruitful villages of co-operation, which would have nothing to quarrel about and would be for the most part self-sufficient, combining agriculture with industry and exchanging their surpluses one with another. For a little while, he received much influential support for his projects; but some of this fell away when it was realised what they involved in the the way of social reorganisation, and in particular how his conception of the functions of human character put him in outright opposition to the religions of his day.

Only among the working classes did Owen's doctrine find a lasting response. Before long, disgusted at the rejection of his projects by those best able to give effect to them, Owen shed the dust of the old immoral world from his feet and set out to establish a society of the type he wanted in what he hoped was the still uncontaminated soil of the United States, where he launched his settlement of New Harmony in 1825. But he soon found that it was not so easy as he had hoped to find men prepared to follow his ideas in practice; and by 1828 New Harmony showed every sign of breaking down.

Owen returned to Great Britain just when the great struggle that culminated in the Reform Act of 1832 was reaching its height. Those years of political struggle were also a period of great advance by the workers in other fields, especially the forming of trade unions and co-operative societies of various sorts. Among the working-class leaders were many who had been deeply influenced by Owen's ideas; and, almost against his will, he found himself regarded as the leader of a great working-class revolt. When the Reform Act of 1832 had left the workers still voteless, they turned *en masse* from political action to an attempt to amend their condition by economic means. Trade unionism, which had been legalised only in 1824-5, after 1832 developed into a mass-movement, and many of its active leaders tried to induce it to follow Owen's ideas, pronouncing that employers were unnecessary and that production could best be organised on a co-operative basis. The employers and the government took alarm and, acting together were strong enough easily to crush out the mass-revolt. The great trades union of 1833-4 fell to pieces even more rapidly than it had come into being; and the defeated workers swung back to political action in the Chartist movement.

After that, Owenism became the doctrine only of a sect, no longer able to exercise any mass-appeal. From then on it had two main aspects – rational religion and human co-operation. On the one hand the Owenites became organised as a religious – or irreligious – sect, repudiating all the established religions; and Owen, as the Rational Father, became the head of this sect, which had bodies of faithful disciples throughout the country, mainly of the working class. But, in addition to this, the Owenites continued to advocate settlement in productive villages of co-operation and in 1839 they actually established such a village at East Tytherly, in Hampshire, under the name of Harmony Hall.

There, as in New Harmony in America, Owen found that it was not so easy to get men to live according to his principles; and by 1845 Harmony Hall had disastrously broken down – but again had not shaken Owen's faith in the soundness of his broad ideas. He continued to advocate them to a steadily diminishing audience of the faithful; but as a practical influence he had ceased to count. In his old age, he took to Spiritualism and reported his communings with the spirit, among others, of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent. Meanwhile the working-class movement had taken a new direction not directly subject to his influence; and the New Unionism of 1850 was based on a broad acceptance of capitalist employment and an attempt to make the best of it by collective bargaining. At the same time a new kind of co-operative society, believing in consumers' control, came into being, of which the outstanding example was the Rochdale Pioneers' Society of 1844.

Owen's influence was largely forgotten till, amid the great depression of the 1870s and the early 1880s, men began again to question the very basis of the capitalist system. Then, indeed, some of them remembered Owen's ideas; but the main influence of the time was rather that of Karl Marx, with his emphasis on the class-struggle and on mass political action by the workers. Yet there have always been Socialists to whom the essentially ethical basis of Owenism has made a strong appeal; to whom it has appealed strongly above all because Owen insisted on the key importance of human community-making and of the close personal links between the members of all countries united in producing a common remedy. Indeed, this latter belief has of late gained fresh force among those who are antagonised by the growth of vast totalitarian societies.

Owenism has in my opinion a great and important part to play in the making of modern Socialism. For Owen, though he was often unpractical and very difficult to work with, had the root of the matter in him: he realised that the great task is that of making a kind of society in which the individual can express himself in friendly collaboration with his neighbours, without becoming a mere unit in a machine too vast for him to control – or even influence.

G. D. H. COLE

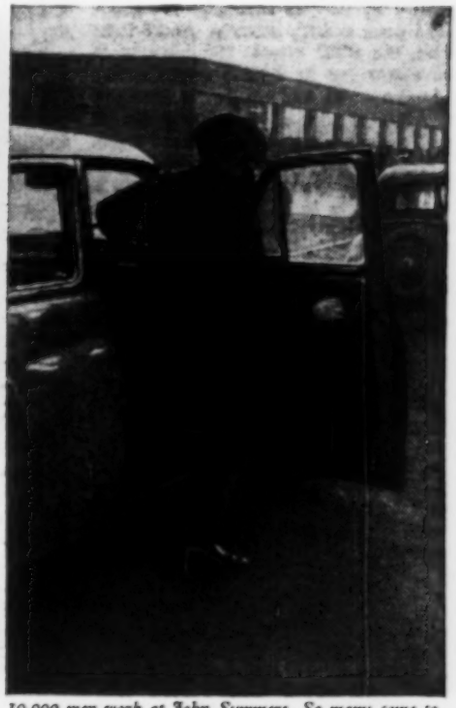
Transport in Trouble

LAST week's announcement that the British Transport Commission's loss for 1958 might amount to £85 million, some £30 million more than originally estimated, draws attention to the crisis confronting the transport industry. The immediate cause of this deterioration is the fall in production and consumption, particularly of steel and coal, with the consequent decline in minerals and coal traffic, and, to a lesser extent, general merchandise. The government's economic policy is chiefly responsible.

The longer-term, and more fundamental, cause is the great growth in private transport, with more people travelling in their own cars and carrying their goods in their own vehicles. With this fall in traffic, commercial transport, irrespective of ownership, seeks to save itself by contracting its services. On the railways, lines are closed and frequencies reduced; on the roads, unremunerative services are eliminated – particularly in the rural areas, although London Transport is also cutting its services. This process is likely to continue because the growth of private transport cannot, and should not, be artificially held back and because its effects are cumulative. The loss of traffic adds to the cost of transport, since fixed costs cannot be reduced proportionately to loss of traffic. Further, the increase in vehicles on the roads causes congestion, slows down the public services, renders them less attractive and increases their costs further. Higher fares are no solution because resistance to them is strong and further resort to private transport is stimulated.

Such is the situation of passenger transport,

Mr. Walter Jones is vice-chairman of the joint advisory committee at John Summers. When his health made it desirable for him to retire from the sheet finishing department (above), he was found lighter work. "We couldn't have better people to work for," says Mr. Jones.



10,000 men work at John Summers. So many come to work by car and motor-cycle that they have special labels to help the works traffic control.

In this works one man in three drives to the job

Trevor Evans, Daily Express Industrial Correspondent, went to Wales and found an inspiration—and a challenge. Pictures by Ivor Sharp

I WISH every industrialist in Britain had come with me to the steelworks by the Dee. What I saw was an inspiration. And a challenge.

There is no reason to suppose that this place, about five miles outside the boundaries of historic Chester, is out of step with the rest of the industry.

Mr. Richard Summers, the chairman of the company, was driving me through his works when I commented how odd it was to see a car park around the corner of almost every building. Finding more space for motor-cars was going to be a problem, he said. Whose cars?

10,000 acres

HE looked at me in some surprise. Why, he said, the people who work here. Then he explained that so big is this site – it stretches over 10,000 acres, though so far buildings, offices, mills, furnaces and coke ovens occupy only about one-quarter of the Summers' land – that every vehicle bears a special label to speed its coming and going through the patrolled gates.

There are 10,000 working here. Nearly one-third come to work in motor-cars or motor-cycles. I thought Mr. Summers was talking loosely, in general terms. He wasn't. Nearly 3,200 labels have been issued. New applications are coming in daily.

First hands at the furnaces frequently take home more than £30 a week. The odd one has been known to take home £40 at a peak period, and the average for all is £15 a week.

Expansion

MR. SUMMERS explained to me how the present production of 1,000,000 tons of steel, mainly in sheets for motor-cars, drums and such household goods as refrigerators and washing machines, would be up to nearly 2,000,000 tons a year in about three years' time. "We go ahead, whatever happens," he said.

I saw ample evidence of expansion for the future, even to reclaiming land from the tidal water by battering down the refuse from the plant, thus adding a bit more to Wales.

Peace

ONE of the most impressive men I met at Shotton was Mr. Walter Jones, leading member of the steelmen's union, and vice-chairman of the joint advisory committee at the works. A thoughtful, deliberate kind of man with more than 40 years' service at the plant. "We couldn't have better people to work for," he says.

Management and workers have known each other long enough. This is largely a family affair.

It was old John Summers who inspired all this. He used to make clog irons in Stalybridge, Cheshire, more than 100 years ago.

He decided to make his own nails, so he made rough steel sheets. His son, Henry Hall Summers, bought this bleak land on the banks of the Dee in the nineties of last century. And Henry's son, Richard, is now the head of the concern.

There are all sorts of joint organisations on all aspects, from production and wages, to safety and sports.

This plant, like most others in steel, has a remarkable record of internal peace. There was dispute in 1911 – between two unions. But of official strikes against the management, none at all.

What can be wrong with an industry commanding the energy and loyalty of a lifetime's service from men of pride and skill?

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Mr. William Jones, first hand melter in the open-hearth shop, has one of the most responsible jobs in the industry—and is paid accordingly.

but the effects of private transport on goods transport has been equally adverse. Apart from the recession, the BTC blames the increase in the private sector for its falling goods traffic; undoubtedly the great increase in 'C' licences, the ancillary users, is one of the main causes. It is clear that the country's economic interest would be better served if much of the long-distance road haulage (a great proportion of which is privately owned) were to be undertaken by the railways, which have much unused capacity. This does not happen because of the greater convenience and cheaper cost of road transport. The roads are so often cheaper, because, among other reasons, the railways have so far been at a disadvantage because they have not been allowed to fix differential charges according to cost. Total costs were averaged; the profitable traffics carried the unprofitable, and thus there was much cross-subsidisation.

One of the few benefits derived from Conservative transport policy is the greater freedom to fix charges which has been given to the railways. This accords with the Tories' basic transport policy that transport should operate competitively, both as between road and rail and within the road haulage industry. The policy has, however, failed not only because it was certain to result in an excess of transport facilities, but because it was founded on the fallacy that free competition in transport is possible. This country's transport pattern makes that impossible, first, because road transport operates under licensing systems which restrict commercial transport but leaves private transport unrestricted. Secondly, because the costs of road and rail are not strictly comparable; the railways, for instance, pay for their own tracks, while road transport does not. To what extent taxation compensates for this disparity is an unending argument, the view held depending on where one's partiality lies.

The growth of private transport in the last 25 years has reduced the effectiveness of the licensing systems, which were aimed at adjusting supply to demand and protecting the railways. Further, its encroachment on to the field of public transport has made it more difficult for important but unremunerative services to be operated; yet this was an implied obligation imposed on operators in return for the protection and privilege given them. If the policy of free competition were to be fully implemented, the licensing system would have to go—and with it any obligation to provide public services. That would be disastrous since it would deprive the public of many essential services; but a review of the licensing systems, which was instituted in the Thirties before the growth in private transport, is now called for. On top of this basic inconsistency in policy has come the decline in traffics which has made the crisis immediate.

Meanwhile the government's attempts to make the industry competitive have had disastrous effects on the BTC. Partial denationalisation has both deprived it of revenue and, by ending its quasi-monopoly of long-distance commercial transport, has halted the progress towards integration which had been a main objective of Labour policy. When that policy was changed, the BTC was paying its way; but the present government has headed it for insolvency. Its position has been further weakened by a succession of government interventions in its affairs, often for party political reasons. On two occasions, for instance, the government prevented charges being raised to the extent necessary to meet higher costs. When, largely as a result of government policy and ministerial interference, the Commission incurred huge deficits, financial assistance became inevitable. The Commission was then empowered to borrow up to £250 million to finance deficits until 1962, when, it was hoped, the railway modernisation plan would have advanced sufficiently to enable it to pay its way. The immediate crisis arises because the £250 million will be exhausted next year, and the BTC will then run out of money.

The big question raised is whether permanent subsidy is going to be necessary or whether the Commission can yet pay its way. At worse there could be a choice between the maintenance of British Railways as a subsidised service or their severe contraction to a point where essential transport facilities would no longer be provided. That position has not yet been reached and some steps may still be possible to improve the situation. Many lines that can never pay should be closed; but alternative facilities must always be assured. Salvation, however, does not lie mainly in such so-called economies, but in increased traffics. The railways do not appear to have fully exploited the commercial possibilities of their greater flexibility in charging. Modernisation still provides the answer; but some revision of existing plans is necessary. Priority must be given to those schemes bringing quickest results, e.g., dieselisation before electrification. Some internal reorganisation of the Commission's administrative structure is also necessary.

Whether in the short-term the railways can be tided over their present crisis or not, the ultimate solution is long-term. The complete breakdown of the Tory policy of free competition adds conviction to Labour's contention that the only possible alternative is a planned and unified transport system. That alone can ensure the maintenance of transport as a public service. The nationalisation measure of the post-war Labour government did not, however, provide the full answer, partly because it was incomplete. The ancillary user was left free from restriction, and a large section of road passenger transport remained outside the schemes. Total nationalisation does not in itself provide the solution to the immense difficulties confronting transport. But without it, they cannot be overcome.

Only with unification can a balanced transport system of both road and rail be maintained. Only with unification can excess facilities be eliminated and traffic be encouraged to flow to the means of transport best suited to it. Only with common ownership of the different means of transport can a pricing policy be followed which would enable essential but uneconomic services to be subsidised by the economic ones. All this involves co-ordination – sadly lacking today – of the respective road and rail investment programmes. The growth of road transport should not be choked, but co-ordination is necessary to prevent wasteful duplication.

When a Labour government assumes power, the outline of its basic transport policy will present no problem: the difficulty will be in finding the solution to problems inherent in the development of modern transport under any form of ownership. It will have to be decided on the one hand whether a public service adequate to public needs can be provided and at the same time pay its way; on the other, whether the encroachment of private upon public transport can be sufficiently controlled without imposing such restrictions upon it as are contrary to the public economic interest. If the correct answer is found to the latter, the former might solve itself. If it is not, and if an adequate transport system is to be provided, it will have to be at the public expense, by permanent subsidy.

ERNEST DAVIES

Take a hand of tobacco leaf...

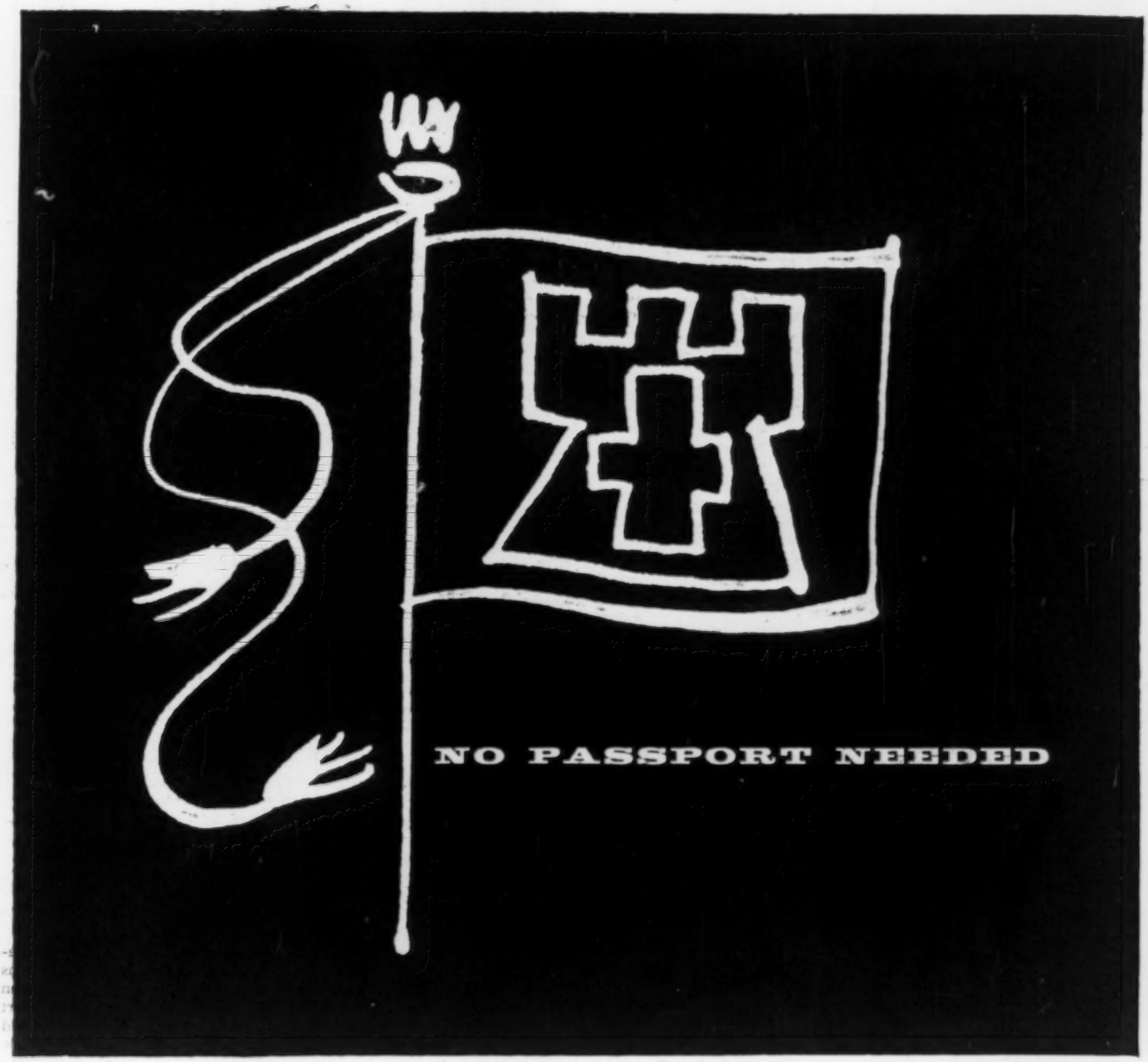
bind the leaves tight with sail cord . . .
store in a cool cellar for weeks . . . unbind
and cut into thin slices . . . rub a
slice between your hands and smell . . .
ah, that rich, full-flavoured aroma tells
you it is matured. . . ready for your pipe
and the most truly satisfying smoke
you've ever had.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE
JOHN PLAYER & SONS

What's that? You haven't the ingredients handy? Don't worry. You can buy tobacco, made from this 60 year old recipe, in a 1-oz tin, sealed to keep fresh, at any tobacconist for 5/0½d. Just ask for

Player's *Navy Cut* De LUXE

NCT 1058



Faraway places with strange-sounding names may beckon to adventure. But there are near-at-hand places with familiar names that offer just as much to the enterprising spirit. Birmingham and Darlaston, for instance.

Here, in the Midlands, GKN make the bulk of the fasteners with which their name is so closely linked. They make them in everyday materials like steel and brass; in unusual materials like nylon and titanium. They make them by the million gross and in countless types and sizes for every purpose. In range and output GKN (MIDLANDS) LTD. are, by far, the leading producers of industrial fasteners in the country and among the most famous in the world.

Throughout the companies that make up the GKN Group opportunity is as abundant and varied as can be found anywhere. You need no passport to reach most of them but, look closely, and you will find them as full of excitement and adventure as any South Sea Island you ever read about.

THE GKN GROUP OF COMPANIES FOR ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN STEEL

GUEST, KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS, LTD., (HEAD OFFICE) LONDON WORKS, SMETHWICK 40, STAFFS.

Letter from Australia

At one of the air-stops on my way to Australia I fell into conversation with a fellow traveller who inquired about the object of my journey. I explained that I was doing this year's Dyason lectures. At our next stop I was a bit puzzled by his sudden interest in church matters; he told me about the state of the Anglican community in Australia and was informative about mission work in New Guinea. It was only afterwards I discovered that he had understood me to say that I was given the diocesan lectures and that he was much intrigued to discover to which of the Lambeth bishops he was talking.

In fact, the lecture tour on which I rashly embarked was founded by a certain Edward Dyason, an unusual business man who thought it would be good for Australia to entertain each year an outside personality to talk in an uninhibited way about his work and his views of the world. He seems to have thought that Australia could with advantage he controversial views; and, in accordance with his wider object, the nine lecturers who preceded me have included Bertrand Russell, Julian Huxley, Arnold Toynbee, Salvador de Madariaga, Gunner Myrdal, Mr Justice Douglas and Kenneth Younger—who, by the way, seems so far to have been much the most audible, intelligible and popular of Dyason lecturers. Invited to follow this distinguished band, I had not the guts or the impudence to refuse, though my acceptance was at first far from enthusiastic. In fact, I know few more exhausting or, as I usually think, unrewarding, tasks than that of the itinerant lecturer who has always to be repeating his well-worn opinions and accepting abundant—sometimes excessive—hospitality in a succession of towns which, in the case of Australia, are usually separated by many hundreds or even by thousands of miles. In the case of this visit, I have been saved from exhaustion only by the generous understanding of friends and occasional outbreaks of toughness on my own part.

To a person of infinite curiosity like myself, the frustrating circumstance is that, even if one's programme is arranged with consideration and discretion, such a tour cannot permit the sort of knowledge of a new country which theoretically should result from a six weeks' visit. The point can be most vividly made perhaps if I compare the case of a lecturer scheduled to speak in Moscow, Reykjavik, Berlin, London, Edinburgh, Dublin and Stockholm. If he says, in his innocence, that while in the western hemisphere he would like to meet some Arabs, together with the peasantry of Connemara and Bulgaria, he will be told that this is not in theory impossible, since with air travel it will not take him more than five hours to reach Cairo from London, Bulgaria from Berlin or, by means of slow train and car, Connemara from Dublin. But he will find that in practice even a free weekend between lectures will be insufficient for any of these interesting expeditions.

This does not mean that I have found it impossible to learn something of Australia. I have met many interesting and delightful people; I have even made, I hope, some lasting friends. I have also learnt something about the Australian climate and the varieties of the Australian scene. I was told by ignorant persons before I started that I should experience a spring of continuous sunshine. Actually I found confirmation of my view, previously proved in some 50-odd countries I've visited, that the weather everywhere is always unusual. Arriving from the steamy heat of Djakarta at Perth, the lovely little capital of Western Australia, I found that in spite of intermittent sunshine it was 'unusually' cold for the time of year. A delightful week-end at Albany was marred only by cold, driving rain. The weather at Adelaide was also, they told me, unusually cold. At Melbourne the weather was not, I gathered, really very unusual, being, as this southernmost town so comparatively near the Antarctic often is, just about as wet and cold as last July in England. Tasmania, which I longed to see, was invisible all the time I was there. By way of abrupt change I was able only a day after leaving Melbourne to bathe in the sea at Newcastle in New South Wales.

* * *

Armidale, from which I now write, stands on a plateau more than 3,000 feet above sea level. It is a quiet town with a residential university which caters for students from all over New South Wales and beyond. Here for the second time I visited a sheep station—and watched half a dozen tough shearers working their way through a flock of about 16,000 sheep. A good shearer working with an electrically powered cutter can shear as many as 120 or more sheep in the day; the Australian—and I am sure the world's—record is held by a shearer who topped the figure of 400. The shearers arrive in their own cars and bring their own cutters; their pay varies with the price of wool. Today they told me they could make from £40 to £60 a week all the year round if they care to travel through all the Australian states. Professionally, they grouse about the meanness of their employers and the cost of their overheads, but in fact they seem to have the whip hand. If they prefer not to shear a grasier's sheep for him he is indeed hard put to it.

* * *

Everyone in Australia asks me why the British press pays this continent so little attention. They even doubt whether their coming elections will be properly reported in England. A strong umbilical cord still unites Australians to the British; and the British, it is strongly felt here, are negligent parents. Some people even seem to think we are unfriendly. This is a misunderstanding. To qualify for headlines in the British press, a country must be newsworthy; it must share in some peculiar way in the world's misfortunes or at least its eccentricities. Australia is healthy and prosperous; it has little unemployment; it is in no present danger of Red ruin; it has remarkable little crime; its morals are comparatively orthodox; it is unimpeachably loyal; it does not nowadays spectacularly ill-treat its aborigines and so does not qualify for the attention paid to Little Rock or Notting Hill. It lacks earthquakes and has a remarkable dearth of air disasters. Happy is the country which is seldom in the news.

* * *

I did not expect to be hit over the head when I lunched with Sir Dallas Brooks, the very popular and very English Governor of Victoria. It happened in this way. I arrived five minutes early. I got out of the car and strolled over the grass to compare Australian with British flowers. Suddenly—out of the wide open spaces, as it were—I received a severe blow on the head, I looked around for my assailant. It was a magpie who was by this time perched menacingly on a branch of a tree just above my head. I looked under the tree and there was a fledgling. Hiding my eyes I beat a hasty retreat. The magpie—not unusual in her maternal aggression, I am told, in this continent—made a second savage assault on me as I walked off with such dignity as I could command.

Armidale, NSW KINGSLEY MARTIN

Michelangelo for breakfast

MARK TWAIN'S words. "A man does not want Michelangelo for breakfast." Nor even on a Roman holiday. And what *do* men of letters want for breakfast? Inexplicably, the subject is a closed book to literary researchers. Why, we don't even know what porridge had John Keats. We can only hope that garret life was sweetened for young genius by daily bread. Certainly no penny-a-liner could get better value for his pennies. For bread is a food. A fine food. Prodigiously good for prodigies. Good for all of us, in fact. For bread alone could supply 75% of the energy we burn up each day.

Ask the experts. Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson, distinguished nutritional authorities, have this to say in a special report formulated for the Medical Research Council:[1] "Probably the most important finding concerns the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man." Meaning bread, naturally. A panel of eminent scientists and medical men, under the chairmanship of Lord Cohen, underlines the fact that "bread is the most important staple food in the British diet."[2]

So you and your family need plenty of good fresh bread every day. Q.E.D.

1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O., 1954.*
2. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O., 1956.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

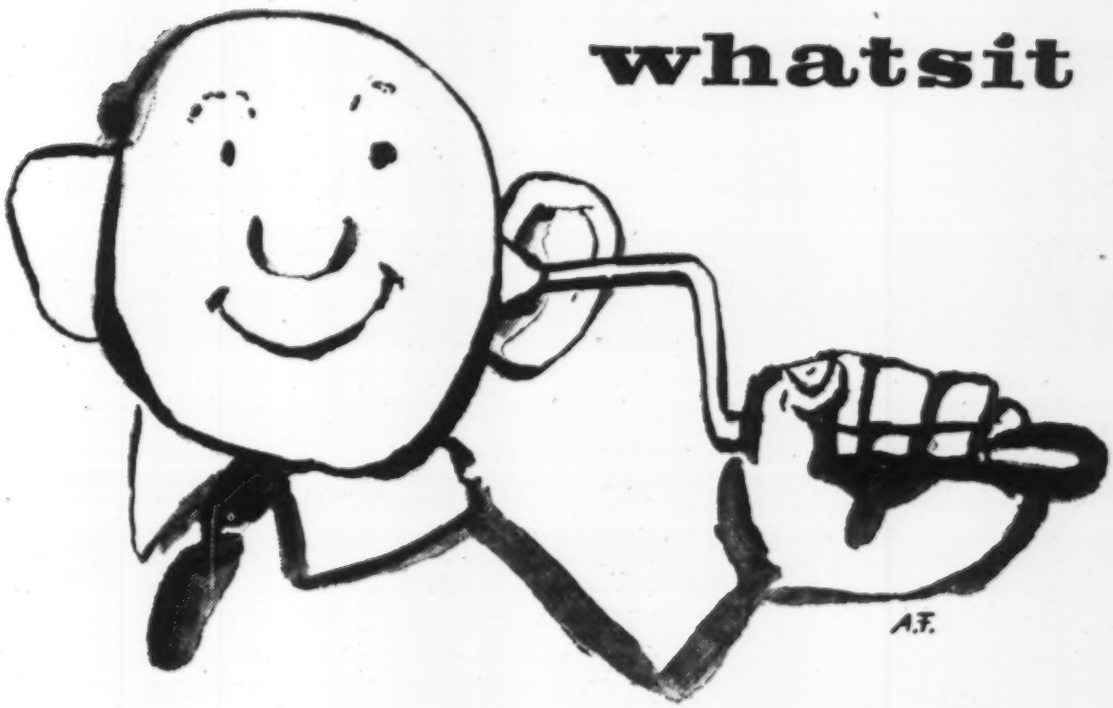
Anti-blight

I'D forgotten the exhilaration of taking a really hefty swipe at something. For that, you must be in kindergarten (the progressive kind) or join a cosh gang. Paying sixpence to smash crockery at the fair is a feeble imitation. Yet there was I, a few weeks ago, drunk with cold tea and sledgehammers, knocking down walls on top of a mountain.

In proud Wales, they call the merest pimple a mountain, and Carn Llidi stood only 590 feet above the shuddering, blue-tongued sea. High enough, though, to have housed a searchlight base, long left derelict and brambled with rusty wire. It looked formidable, to eight volunteers on an autumn demolition holiday. But it's amazing what you can do with a crowbar and no union regulations.

Pembroke County Council, to their credit, had promised to lay on what the Boy Scouts might call basic equipment. A green canvas mystery resolved itself into a tent. This shared a field with some black-nosed sheep; one had a cough, sounding macabre at night. When our farmer had obligingly decanted the dung out of his cowshed, we hid its dubious lower strata with a copy of *The Times*, and cooked delicious meals. Everything had the enigmatic hand-burnt flavour you meet in expensive pseudo-Spanish cafés. The *Manchester Guardian* came in handy as a pot scourer, no one having bothered about domestic appliances beyond a couple of pails. One held drinking water, the other plain water. Somehow they got mixed

You wind whatsit



and window whizzes up. What's it called, that whizzer? That thingummy . . .
who makes? Winds up. Winds down. Neat. Effortless.

Winds up. Winds down. Road winds homeward. Wife winds wool.
Huntsman winds his horn . . . ta-ra! You wind window winder. (*Who makes?*)

Wilmot Breeden make! Ta-ra!
You push button? . . . *they make button.*
You lock boot? . . . *they make lock.*
You wind whatsit? . . . *make window regulators, too.*
You meet fool? . . . *make peace,* make bumpers,
over-riders, door locks, boot locks, ignition keys, handles,
roof lights, switches, radiator grilles, steering wheels! Makers of.

Ta-ra-ra-ra! Wilmot Breeden, Skilled in Mechanisms, Manipulators of Metal,
Matter-of-Factitians Extraordinary to the Motor Industry, Aircraft Industry,
Domestic Appliance Industry . . . and you. *Virtually every British car roads today carries some components Wilmot Breeden.* Fact!

WILMOT BREEDEN are at Birmingham: also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto.

up, both types of water deriving from a truculent pump three fields away. It was all a waste of effort, because ample supplies bucketed from the lavish sky. 'Perfect weather for demolition,' Michael consoled us, knowing that the summer sun made intellectuals lazy. A century ago, he would have been an empire builder. Instead, he had inveigled five friends into pulling down old barracks, thus founding the Institute for Clearance of Eyesores.

They have since removed a dozen blights from the landscape, in Cumberland, Somerset, Berkshire, the Peak district. 'We were just going to tackle a job at Land's End when someone remembered a minefield there. Whitehall isn't quite sure yet,' said Michael blandly. He cuts through red tape like an amiable lawn mower; or, it's been noted, like his father John Dower, who wrote the White Paper on National Parks. Having invented the 'Institute', Mike acted as honorary everything, to obviate the need for an honorary chairman and fancy writing paper. But should a paid organiser materialise, the honorary secretary will, no doubt, devote his next autumn holiday to recuperating, or to unearthing a new cause.

This one has caught on so well, that volunteers now outnumber the local planning authorities who are enlightened enough to pay the camp fares and keep. The budget for each camp works out at remarkably little, considering how an hour of hurling bricks can sharpen the appetite. When we began, only an honest-to-God chap from Bolton managed half a loaf at breakfast. College malnutrition had spoilt the capacity of a botanist from St. John's. A mere portion of Vitawheat satisfied the rimless young man who went off to read mystical poetry before emptying the chemical closet. But both volunteers rapidly grew more rural: the botanist cut about four inches off his ear-locks, which were always dangling in the primus stove. Our rimless friend stopped talking about 'the privy'.

By and large, the local people thought us mad. 'You won't get much for them bricks', warned a farmer as we tried to dump rubble out of sight. He regretted that anything worth while had been stolen by gypsies. However, they'd left behind a thicket of barbed wire. Wrenching it out took a whole Sunday, the bells of St. David's pealing encouragement over the wind-bitten pasture.

Hikers slogged up Carn Llidi for a view of the clawed and gull-swept bay. 'Knocking down ancient monuments' (they halted for breath), 'what *will* the army say?' Not a word, you may be sure. The defence authorities find it cheaper to compensate landowners than clear away the rubbish of war. Landowners can't afford to do it either, compensation being inadequate and the site often barren. The National Parks alone have enough military scars to keep a sapper battalion busy, if it wasn't already occupied in Cyprus. The missile bases, obsolete surely even before they're built, will no doubt continue this tradition of disfigurement.

Simply to contemplate the idea gave an urgent drive to our pickaxes. Drizzle obliterated the strewn islands, drenching the heathery, seaweed and brine-sharp wind. Mist had engulfed the ant-egg caravans below, whose laundry hung bumper to bumper. Steaming like cauldrons, we did feel sorry for the holiday caravans. A German boy who had joined our gang to perfect his grammar, enquired happily over the gale:

'We *engage* in toiling, or we *do* toiling?'

An American who'd come up to lend a hand, examined his blister:

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GERDA L. COHEN

Points of View

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The Arts and Entertainment

Thought-Control at the BBC

'It was felt that an editorial mind was needed.' These are the significantly impersonal words used by a senior executive of the BBC to explain a major recent change in BBC policy.

On 18 August Mr Hugh Carleton Greene took office as Director of News and Current Affairs. This post has no precedent in the history of the BBC. Its holder (with his staff) has, perhaps, more power over the content of the most important BBC programmes than any other single man. Even the Director-General himself, though his power may be thought absolute, exercises it intermittently and, often, retrospectively: surveillance by the new functionary is continuous, it covers both television and sound-radio, and (I am informed officially by the BBC) 'any script relating to current affairs must be cleared in advance with his office'. There are, of course, a number of unscripted interviews and discussion-programmes: in such cases, transcripts do not have to be submitted after the broadcasts (unless there are complaints to be investigated), but the Director of News and Current Affairs must know who are on the various panels, who is being interviewed, and who is doing the interviewing.

BBC spokesmen say frankly that the object of this change is to unify and centralise ('to secure more effective central control of') such programmes. Apparently as a faint glimmer of reassurance, they add that 'the planning functions of Directors and Controllers remain unchanged'. But this merely means that Mr Kenneth Adam is still allowed to decide that *Who Goes Home?* is to be broadcast at 10.15 on a Friday. Main control over the content of these programmes passes to Mr Greene's office.

One serious aspect of this reform is that it must diminish the freedom and initiative of the creative man in charge of a programme – the producer. A number of BBC producers (whom I naturally cannot name) are disturbed and enraged both by the general implications of the change and by the actual interference to which they have been subjected. In such an atmosphere no creative worker can do his best; and this may be one explanation of a tendency to stodginess, in programmes that had formerly been lively and enterprising, that puzzled me when the autumn schedule began. (The significance of the new appointment probably passed without much public comment because it became operative in the middle of the holiday season, when some serious programmes were off the air.)

Mr Carleton Greene would not, indeed, be doing his duty if he did not interfere from time to time, to promote the prescribed *Gleichschaltung*. I will quote only one example of interference (because, though I know it to be authentic, it did not come to me from anybody concerned with the programme in question). Some little time ago, when a feature on Cyprus was being planned for *Panorama*, arrangements were made for an interview with Archbishop Makarios to be recorded in Athens. When the outline of the feature was submitted to Mr Greene's office, this interview was vetoed – on the ground that the Archbishop 'could have nothing new to say at this stage'. (This was about a week after his sensational interview with Mrs Castle, when it might be supposed that any competent journalist could have thought of a number of ways of seeking to persuade the Archbishop to clarify his intentions.) I do not know if much resistance was put up to this veto, but the present producer of *Panorama*, Mr Rex Moorfoot, is described by those who know him as 'a nice chap and an experienced producer, but not a fighter in a situation like this'. In this he is unlike his predecessor, Mr Michael Peacock, and unlike Mr Donald Baverstock, producer of *Tonight* – with whose free-and-easy independence it would indeed be suicidally foolish to interfere, even though a bit of political propaganda (usually Tory) may half-accidentally slip into it.

It is the political consequences of the change – in a pre-election period – that will seem most important to many not on the staff of the BBC. I do not know the political views of Mr Greene (who happens to be a brother of Mr Graham Greene): as a correspondent before the war, he was expelled from Nazi Germany; he was engaged in psychological warfare in Malaya in 1950; and his intimates deny with amusement that he holds the extreme Right-wing views attributed to him by some angry BBC men. Nor do I know the views of his Chief Assistant, Mr G. Gordon Mosley: he held a commission in the Indian Army and is an accomplished linguist, and most of his BBC experience has been in Overseas Talks. But I make no personal attack on these two men: I am sure that they will do, ably and conscientiously, what is required of them.

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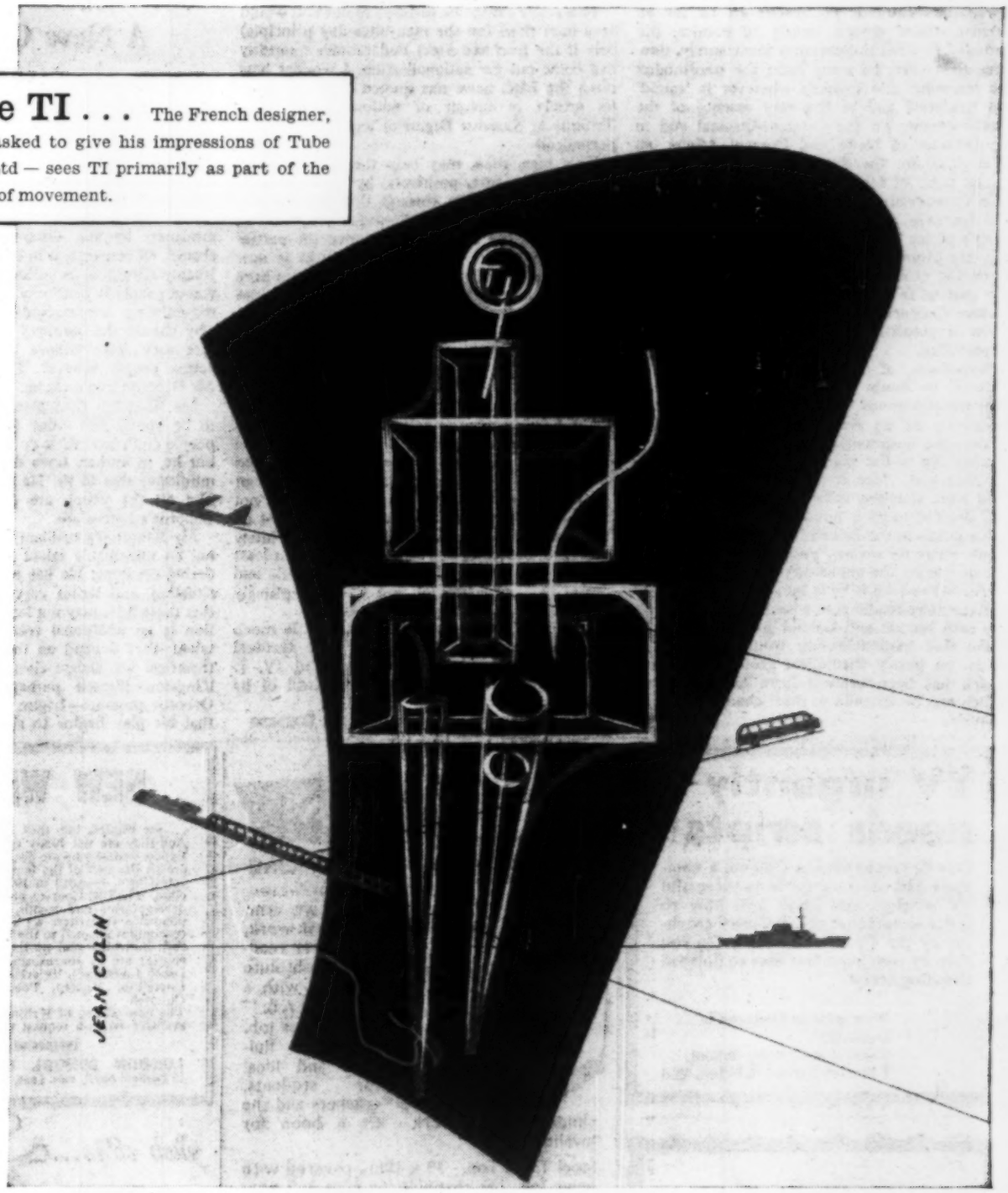

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What *is* required, politically? In so far as 'current affairs' consist largely of politics, the tendency of BBC programmes must surely, now more than ever, be away from the unorthodox and 'extreme' and towards whatever is 'sound' and moderate and of the very essence of the Establishment. To the Director-General and to the Director of News and Current Affairs, an ideal panel for the discussion of some controversial issue of foreign affairs would consist of (a) a Conservative MP, (b) a Right-wing Labour MP (perhaps one who had disagreed with his party's policy on the issue in question), with (c), say, Mr Monty Woodhouse, of Chatham House, thrown in as an 'independent' expert (despite the fact that he is now, officially and openly, a prospective Conservative candidate for Parliament). Thus is secured what passes for balance and impartiality.

Sometimes, of course, a programme slips off balance, no doubt through a genuine oversight (but the slip seems to be to the Right almost as invariably as an error in a restaurant-bill is against the customer). There was a particularly glaring slip in the morning news-bulletin on 27 October and, since it occurred at 7, at 8 and at 9 a.m., someone must surely have noticed it and decided to let it through. This item referred to an article in the British Iron and Steel Federation's quarterly review, published that day. The article was on 'the opposition of the steel industry to threats to take it back into public ownership', and the news-reader read a summary of it, including such blatant anti-Labour propaganda as the claim that 'nationalisation would violently set aside, on purely theoretical grounds, a system which has been evolved from experience and which can be adapted to meet changing circumstances'.

This really cannot be justified as news: it would have been news (on the man-bites-dog principle) only if the Iron and Steel Federation's quarterly had come out *for* nationalisation. I wonder how often the BBC news has quoted so gratuitously an article in favour of nationalisation from *Tribune* or *Socialist Digest* or any other Labour periodical?

This bias, then, may help the Conservatives in two ways—first, positively, by plugging their propaganda; secondly, through the virtually total exclusion of the Left from discussion programmes, by stressing the similarities between the parties rather than their differences (which, as is now understood, must be stressed if Labour is to have any hope of winning the next election). Politics on the BBC is too often a kind of airy coalition.

Politics apart, however, the new set-up seems to me deplorable—partly because, as I have said, no producer of talent can work well under such pressures and prohibitions, and not least because the BBC's case against ITV is seriously weakened if the BBC is going to relapse into its old stuffiness. (I don't say that ITV, under Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, couldn't be tightened up just as effectively, and on Monday night the president of the FBI said, on ITN, that the FBI was 'not a party political body in any sense' and that its new pamphlet on nationalisation was 'absolutely objective, generous, and fair-minded'; but at least his interviewer sounded a little sceptical, and some ITV programmes are still refreshingly adventurous.)

The BBC has got ahead of it a battle much more important (to it) than the next General Election—the battle of Bands III and IV. It ought not to try too hard the goodwill of its natural allies.

TOM DRIBERG

A New Comedy

I SUPPOSE it is inevitable that any play about the young now has to stand comparison with the Osborne angries; but it is really very tiresome. No play could be less like one of Mr Osborne's in intention or feeling than *No Concern of Mine* at the Westminster. But because it is about young men and girls living the Bohemian life in a one-roomed basement flat in Bayswater, it is promptly measured by the Osborne yardstick. This is absurd. Of course, it is in one way flattering to Mr Jeremy Kingston, its author. The behaviour of his young people is truthfully observed; and they are recognisably contemporary young people; but why should the corollary of that be that therefore they must behave just as Mr Osborne's young people behave? That is simply to turn Mr Osborne into a cliché.

Mr Kingston demonstrates that it is possible to be young and enjoy it. Not that his young people don't have their downs as well as their ups, but he, as author, finds them likeable and communicates that to us. He is perfectly entitled to. Not all the young are detestable because Mr Osborne's heroes are.

Mr Kingston's brilliant first act shows that he has an undeniable talent for light comedy, bordering on farce. He has a good eye for a comic situation, and writes very funny lines. The fact that these lines may not lend themselves to quotation is an additional reason for acclaiming his talent; they depend on their context as the best theatrical wit always does. It is only when Mr Kingston—himself perhaps under the unseen Osborne pressure—begins to make them serious, that his play begins to slip. While they are all

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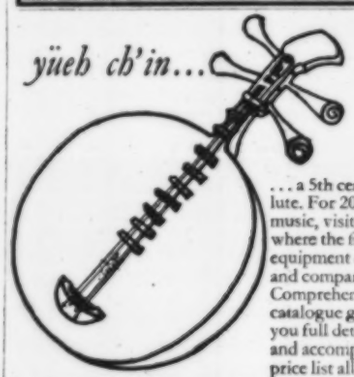

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fooling about – it is three in the morning after a party and the demand for beds far exceeds the supply – they are not only absurd and engaging but true to life, too, on the level on which he is treating them. But then he suddenly steps up the level half a dozen feet and on that level – the level of *actes gratuites* and attempted suicide – they don't quite convince.

All the same they provide a stimulating and enjoyable evening, in the hands of a young cast who make the very most of them and a director (Adrian Brown) who is fully equal to the complicated task the author has set him. Judith Stott, John Fraser and Alan Dobie bear the brunt as a brother, sister and friend tied together in a tricky knot and they give their characters both vitality and appeal. Richard Burnham has a nicely pompous little scene, and Lally Bowers another which she brings off slightly better than it deserves. All in all, Mr Kingston's is a talent worth fostering.

The Stepmother, at the St Martin's, is an adaptation by Warren Chetham Strode of a novel by R. C. Hutchinson, and, as so often with adaptations of novels, it makes the worst of both forms. It tells how a new wife arrives in the household of a higher Civil Servant and finds it in an emotional mess, her husband frigid and her stepson mixed-up. She smooths out the present and clears up the past. But the situation being complicated, and time in a play being so much shorter than in a novel, her treatment has to be perfunctory, and the story seems merely banal.

T. C. WORSLEY

Missing the Boat?

DESPITE the fact that the Pope's coronation had been exhaustively relayed by TV, there still remained aspects that the film camera could catch. One, of course, was colour; and that will be the draw to the newsreel theatres this week to see *The Coronation of Pope John XXIII*. Coloured the scene is, from the confetti crowd and the carabinieri in the square to the rich garments and carpets within. Much more seems to be going on than in our own staid coronations. Cardinals get out of turn; assistants dart on errands; the new Pope and his bevy smartly, but without haste, approach the throne; and there's nothing to stop some dignitary, a yard away from the papal head, from leaning over to chat with a neighbour.

I'd missed seeing it all on TV, so I don't know how far the film's 20 minutes gave an adequate summary of the proceedings. There were introductions, kissings of knee and toe, donnings of mitres, wavings of great plumed fans; and a priestly voice ('mahss is concluded') informed us of things to come, steps taken. But the film, it seemed to me, did little more than retail excerpts; at one moment Palestrina thickened the air, the next not; we lacked that heightened impression that cinema, being free of time, could have achieved. Rarely did I enjoy the feeling of being there; not once was imagination touched. All one can say of this Rank team effort in Eastman Colour is that it expeditiously achieved its job, the film being on view six days after its occasion.

A British parody of a Western seems improbable, and *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw* (Carlton) isn't parody; it merely dispatches Mr Kenneth More from St. James's to the Wild West in the nineties to effect a *collage* of English imperturbability and Texan tomahawkery; an American director of Westerns, Raoul Walsh, is there to see that background and accents are right. Some of these confrontations are amusing, for example, when Mr More taps an ambushing Indian on the rump and stands there as though on the steps of

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White's; but the whole thing is far from being the scream it should be. For Mr More to go straight is right enough, but the antics round him should have been far more crooked. And since Miss Jayne Mansfield is there, running a saloon with a floor show, mightn't she for once have made an *amusing* armful? I enjoy Mr More's performances, and hope that he is not drifting into the class of shining actor for whom dim backgrounds are best.

I'm afraid *What Lola Wants* (Warner's) is not for me: a brassy musical about baseball. A middle-aged fan is tempted, like Faust, to rejuvenate himself in order to bring his team to the top of the league. The night-club Devil is quite taking with a cheap trick of pulling lighted cigarettes out of the air; and even more so is his vamp assistant (Gwen Verdon), whose musical coilings strike a new note in seduction (or rather, here, the failure to seduce) with a grin. But this element doesn't amount to much more than a revue sketch and a couple of numbers, and the rest of this long piece is charmlessly athletic, sardonic and sentimental by turns. Stanley Donen has helped to give it a certain impetus. Probably the film is only a year or two before its time, when we shall all be going to Lord's for our afternoon's baseball.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Gramophone Records

WHEN one considers the enterprise of American Columbia and then glances down our own monthly gramophone lists, the contrast is most depressing. A recent Columbia recording of Boulez and Stockhausen has already sold over four thousand copies, which suggests that enterprise and success are not entirely unconnected even in music. Our local repertory of records proves that business and musical enlightenment hardly ever come together over here; and the result, combined with that of all the dreary concert programmes, is quite disastrous to our musical well-being. True vitality can exist only where contemporary art is assiduously cultivated, and where the past is re-interpreted in terms of this contemporary art. As Stravinsky said in a recent interview: 'Tradition is made, not inherited'.

Gloomy though the situation has undoubtedly become, certain months offer slightly more than others. The November lists go so far as to acknowledge that Stravinsky did not stop composing after *The Rite of Spring* and that interesting music was written before Bach. Argo have issued an enjoyable record of music for Christmas, including Gibbons's great verse-anthem, *This is the record of John*, a very beautiful *fauxbourdon* by Dufay, and various masterpieces by Palestrina, Vittoria, Sweelinck and others. The performances – by the Renaissance Singers and the choristers of Ely Cathedral, under Michael Howard – have none of the sad, sweet quality of the King's College choir, nor the exquisite phrasing; they are more impassioned and more vigorous. Occasionally, with the boys, the vigour deteriorates into drill, as in the plainsong *Vox in Rama*, where the inhaling of breath and enunciation of consonants are so drastic that one can hardly attend to the music. Otherwise this is an excellent record, well worth having.

Meanwhile Vox have issued Stravinsky's *Capriccio* together with the *Concerto* for two solo pianos. The *Capriccio* needs to be light and elegant, with a French clarity of articulation and a French, not Straussian, lyricism. Here the soloist tends to make the note-values too long and the accents too heavy, the orchestra is hardly more 'capricious' than a military band, and the ensemble sounds too thick. A pity, because few will divine the true character of the music from evidence of this kind. The *Concerto*, on the other hand, is much better played by the same pianist, Charlotte Zelka, with Alfred Brendel as her partner. It is a major work, strong and amazingly delicate too, and the record is worth having for this side alone. The reproduction is first-class.

Schubert's *Octet* has been recorded many times, and now appears again in a performance by the Vienna Octet (Decca). It is a work which contains some of the finest Schubert and on the other hand evokes the music of the streets, the café and the theatre; and it is probably difficult to play so that these evocations are neither smoothed away nor made too disturbing. The Vienna Octet succeed well in this respect, but the performance as a whole is not quite up to their usual standard. I suspect that this may be partly the fault of the engineers, for the recording favours the strings at the expense of the wind instruments and so robs the music of warmth and colour. Also, the bass is often far too circumspect for Schubert. More impressive is the new Fontana recording of the C major Symphony of 1828, with Georg Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. The early pages tell us what to expect: a performance in which structural claims will come first, with buoyant and driving rhythms, while magical detail will have to look after itself. This sounds unSchubertian, but in fact Georg Szell manages to generate a thrilling momentum and power without sacrificing nearly as much as might be imagined. Beneath the strictness there is an undercurrent of extreme sympathy for the music which makes this performance outstanding.

Another Vox issue is that of Mozart's C minor Mass, which contains music of imperishable beauty and also of such an ordinary kind that one feels from time to time almost as one would if Beethoven had amalgamated the Seventh Symphony and the *Battle of Vittoria*. Ferdinand Grossman and his Viennese choir and orchestra give a performance which is always adequate and sometimes – as in the magnificent *Qui tollis* – very moving. One advantage of the Vox recording is that it costs considerably less than the Philips version of the same work, which spreads over two ten-inch discs. Another *should* be that it gives the music in its complete form, whereas the Philips recording omits certain passages, chiefly in the *Et incarnatus*. Yet I wonder: Wilma Lipp has to struggle so hard that the serene and shortened account given by Teresa Stich-Randall in the other version seems infinitely preferable.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is not a work whose mightiest moments can be captured on a disc or heard to their best advantage in a drawing-room; nevertheless it is still of profound interest to have recorded performances by two great Beethoven conductors, Klemperer and Toscanini. Those who remember the grandeur of Toscanini's pre-war interpretation of the Ninth will be astonished to hear from these recordings that by comparison with Klemperer he races through the work at a quite alarming speed. But another way of expressing the difference would be to say that Klemperer's version is slow and magisterial, whilst Toscanini's comes much closer to Beethoven's *tempi* and is more fiery and dramatic without belittling for one moment the immensity of the composer's conception. Both readings (published by Columbia and RCA respectively) are worth the closest study.

Finally, there is a very worth-while HMV record of Janacek's Second String Quartet. The music is so unique that it seems to be imperilled by its very absence of routine; yet it stand firm because its feeling is authentic, its expression candid, and its organisation into musical forms carried through with apparently unfailing instinct. It is played here by the Vlach Quartet, who give a performance of great authority, marred only by the leader's excessive *vibrato* in some of the simplest passages. Dvorak's 'Nigger' Quartet on the other side seems after the Janacek to be quite inconsequential.

WILLIAM GLOCK

'Friends and Neighbours' at the Victoria Palace

Described as 'a farcical romp' this play is ferociously mean. Does a man get a pound of butter squashed on his head? Then it is squashed in a spirit of malign ungenerosity. Are someone's combinations exposed? Does a large foreign lady seek to embrace a husband as a husband's wife bursts in at the door? It is all brought off in an atmosphere of chronic ungeniality. There is an exhilaration about true farce. It is callous but jolly. A sort of jolly geometry in which the diagrams are animated. But Mr Austin Steele's play is neither chaste enough for this, nor liberal enough for comedy. It is the comedian's eye view of the proletariat – Dad sleeps in the bath, Mum nags, Dad's pal cleans his boots on the cushions. It is all as mirthless as a pocket cartoon in a Sunday tabloid, and the cast acted out with such convincing absence of spirit that any charitable butcher must have offered them the loan of his humane killer.

R. R.

Borrow on Beer

GEORGE BORROW described beer as "the true and proper drink of Englishmen." Shakespeare said it was "a dish fit for a king." Dr. Johnson went so far as to say "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

In fact, the weight of literary opinion seems to indicate that you would be behaving in a rather un-English, non-U and masochistic manner if you *didn't* call in at your Local to enjoy a good wholesome beer.

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In the middle is Charles Wainwright Hopkinson, the pretender to the Irish throne. It is not easy to know what he is doing behind the *Manchester Guardian*. Perhaps he does not want to be there at all, but is simply trapped between Llewellyn Brunt, the 27-year-old poet, and

Harold J. Bentham, who is the man on the right. Mr. Bentham is an astro-physicist who plays the 'cello and loves his wife. He is also kind, tolerant, upright, clear-headed, courageous, generous and wise. *He* is reading the *Manchester Guardian* because he likes it. He will probably go on reading it even after he is canonised. The *Manchester Guardian* considers it a pleasure to take his threepence.

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Correspondence

A SOCIETY FOR PEOPLE

SIR,—In commenting on my article Mr Westergaard has clearly misunderstood the point I was trying to make about sociology. I certainly did not say I had found 'little or nothing in recent British sociology of relevance to the problems of our present-day society', and I am well aware of the quality of the work he mentions. I argued simply that there seemed to be a lack of balance in the total work undertaken by sociologists; that too many important features of our own society were not studied, that emphasis was given to theoretical rather than empirical work and to technical presentation rather than the description of social behaviour, and that those in charge of research too rarely participated in the task of interviewing people. In short, more attention might be paid to describing the day-to-day lives of people.

It would, of course, be absurd for sociologists to *confine* themselves to the problems of the poorest—the mentally deficient, the chronic sick, the unemployed, the infirm aged, widows with children, and so on—but the fact remains that they have had hardly any study and may seem to have first claim on our interests. And do we know so much about the day-to-day lives of business managers, aristocrats, doctors, steelworkers and machine operators? What does leaving school, courtship, marriage and childbirth, or divorce, homosexuality or hospitalisation mean to human beings in different social and occupational groups?

There are many reasons for the lack of balance. First, very few sociologists are engaged full-time on research, and it is hard to combine certain kinds of field research with teaching. Secondly, empirical work can be expensive, and certain projects do not attract financial support. Thirdly, some subjects have to be studied for years, and then only in part, before an advance in knowledge can be claimed. Thus Professor Glass describes the valuable work which he and others have done on social mobility as 'rather formal and quantitative; the subtleties of social relationships have not generally been examined'. Fourthly, there is the danger of what Professor Simey has called 'the retreat from the threatening realities of everyday life to the certainties of pseudo-science', with the consequence that 'the value of the sociologist has, in fact, been somewhat at a discount in the world of affairs'.

On a different point Mr Clulow asks for the figures substantiating my statement that sickness and unemployment benefits for a man in 1912 and 1938 formed a higher percentage of average earnings than in 1958. In the case of sickness benefits the percentages are about 32, 22 and 19.5 respectively for the three years and, in the case of unemployment benefits, 22, 25 and 19.5 (the rates actually payable in unemployment were 7s in 1912 and 17s in 1938, and in sickness 10s and 15s, compared with 50s today). It would, of course, be wrong to give these crude figures without pointing out that they explain only a very small part of the complex history of social insurance.

Mr Nixon questions my use of the phase 'the submerged fifth'. In one particular he rightly takes me to task for implying that the number of individuals affected by unemployment was higher than it is. The figure seems to be about 1,250,000 at present. However, I was concerned to consider not just one group among the poor and handicapped, but all those 'with special difficulties over a long period, who cannot and could not be expected to overcome their problems on their own resources'. If we do so we arrive at a figure closer to one-fifth of the population than one-tenth.

PETER TOWNSEND

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HOMOSEXUALS AND THE LAW

SIR,—The Wolfenden Report has had its first anniversary, and having been debated almost everywhere else is soon to have an airing in the Commons. When this happens, it is much to be hoped that the recommendations on homosexuality will receive the consideration they deserve.

The present situation is seldom appreciated at its true worth. The main assumption behind the present law, which alone can justify it, is that homosexuality is a deliberately chosen perversion. This is now known to be untrue. Medical men agree that in a small (though not insignificant) minority of men homosexual impulses are deep-seated and ineradicable. Among these there are some who are highly talented, and many at every social level who are useful citizens and likeable people. Nine out of ten are indistinguishable from their fellows, either in appearance, or dress, or in general moral outlook. Now that this is known to be so, to continue to treat them as outlaws and subject them to the constant fear of blackmail, imprisonment and social ruin is indefensible.

The other props of the present law are, first, that it 'safeguards the community', and secondly, that it embodies the 'general will of the people'. Both of these assertions are now also known to be untrue. Countries without such a law have no higher incidence of homosexuality than our own—and, indeed, as Freud pointed out, to turn a heterosexual into a homosexual is as difficult as it is to turn a homosexual into a heterosexual. Impossible, in fact: and understandably so, since not only natural impulse, but the pattern of family life are against such a change. Again, far from the general will of the people being behind the law, we now know that a government inquiry has resoundingly discredited it—with the subsequent support of a great majority of Christian and liberal spokesmen.

The continued exercise of such a law is bound to seem profoundly unfair, and can hardly fail, if persisted in, to bring our whole idea of justice into disrepute. The sooner it is repealed, the better for our social health generally.

Such a reform will also, incidentally, greatly help medical research into the causes of the condition—which is at present hampered, one gathers, by the understandable reluctance of first-hand witnesses to come forward with their evidence.

A. E. DYSON

Homosexual Law Reform Society
32 Shaftesbury Avenue
W1

NOT-SO-HIDDEN PERSUADERS

SIR,—Quite simply, this is the position. Newspapers facing rising costs, shrinking circulations and increasing competition are not getting the advertising they need to stay alive. So money must be attracted. In comes the 'special supplement', a pseudo-document containing the minimum of factual statement and independent assessment and the maximum amount of name-mentioning of firms known to be 'taking space'. Other manufacturers in the same field but not advertising are pointedly left out of the articles, and the accent is sharply directed at the small minority who have been cajoled by advertising men to buy their way into editorial favour.

At one stage there was an unwritten but stringent rule that names of manufacturers should not appear in journalists' copy unless the name was so well known as to make the exclusion an obvious one. Today that ruling has been thrown to the lions. From personal and very bitter experience I know that advertisers can not only get their names into copy, but that they can and do, through the advertisement departments of newspapers, dictate how stories should be written, what shall appear in them, what opinions they shall reflect and what pictures shall be used with the story. In some cases they even vet the layout! It is a common feature of such writing that journalists have been ordered by their superiors to 'mention so-and-so' or 'get in a paragraph about Bloggins' in spite of the fact that 'so-and-so' or 'Bloggins' might have little relevance to the article as a whole.

So far, protests from the National Union of Journalists have proved of no avail. Nor—a national or regional strike excepted—are they likely to in the future, because their terms will always be couched too generally to have any effect. Then what does the individual, faced with having to write 'puffs' and 'blurbs', do? If he protests, he is given a lecture on economics. If he continues to protest, he faces unemployment.

So what happens to the man of principle? He swallows those principles, and begins that dreary, cynical journey along the path of disillusionment and hack-writing that in itself is a living death. And what happens, eventually, to the profession riddled with such people, a profession in which a man of principle cannot find employment despite his natural and carefully culled talents? That, too, is on its way to a living death.

W. VAN DER EYKEN

27 Tudor Close
NW3

SIR,—Mr Francis Williams's article in your issue of 1 November—'Not-So-Hidden Persuaders'—will have been music to the ears of all advertisers. Rightly, he excludes from his criticisms the useful and established supplements covering such events as the Motor Show. Many of the other supplements and special features which he so lucidly describes have become an increasing source of irritation, annoyance and embarrassment to advertisers. Not only do many of these things tend to undermine the reputation of the individual writer and jeopardise the reputation of the paper who employs him, but their accumulative effect is to antagonise the very advertisers on whom the papers depend for their existence.

The extent to which advertisers value many of these publications was made quite clear from the answers which advertisers gave to a questionnaire recently initiated by this Society. The great majority were totally unable to discover if any increased business had resulted from participating in them. Many categorically considered that it had not. Although some felt that their goodwill had benefited, an equal number just did not know. It was, however,

reassuring to find an almost unanimous current opinion that their goodwill had not suffered when they refused to take part and it is to be hoped that this knowledge will strengthen the hand of any advertiser whose better judgement indicates that he should decline the approaches made to him.

Finally, this survey made it abundantly clear that advertisers are very well aware that these publications are planned primarily as a source of revenue to the newspaper rather than as a service to the readers. They would like to see their quantity reduced and the quality correspondingly improved.

D. C. KINLOCH
Director

The Incorporated Society of
British Advertisers, Ltd
45 Hertford Street, W1

UNIVERSITY WASTAGE

SIR,—May I call attention to the investigation in this week's *Oxford Magazine* of the statement, printed first in the *Oxford Mail* and repeated in the national press, that one in 12 of this year's Oxford freshmen was sent down or rusticated for failure to pass the preliminary examination? The editor circularised all colleges and discovered that the actual figure was one in nearly 26 (that is, 96 out of 2,454), or a little under four per cent. In only four colleges was the wastage rate in the region of one in 12—the highest was one in ten and the three next one in 13. In seven colleges no one was sent down for this reason, and in 12 the rate was better than the average. The *Oxford Mail* has published this correction, with the explanation that its figure was arrived at by taking an average from a random sample of colleges. I have not seen a correction in the national press. The *Oxford Magazine* figures are based on returns from all the colleges, including, of course, the women's colleges.

The writer of the article in your issue of 1 November, who uncritically accepted the figure of one in 12 sent down for failure in examination after one year at Oxford, went on to assume that a similar proportion would share the same fate at the end of their second year. The great majority of Oxford undergraduates have no public examination between their preliminaries and their finals. I doubt very much, although I have no figures, whether any very large number disappear after their second year.

It may be thought that a 'wastage rate' of four per cent. is too high and reflects some discredit on methods of selection. I think this is arguable, as is the assumption that a person has necessarily wasted his time discovering that he is not able to adjust himself to university work. But let us at least argue on a basis of accurate figures, whether we think the problem of university entrance profitably discussed in this way or not.

HELEN GARDNER

St. Hilda's College
Oxford

THOSE PUT IN AUTHORITY OVER US

SIR,—I would like to hear further from Malcolm Muggeridge on the important subject of boot-licking. His article got us brilliantly to a point of departure with the story of the journalist who said 'I sometimes wonder if I'm licking the right boots'. That, however, expressed the comparatively minor doubt of a presumably youngish man. But there is the much more terrifying and disintegrating doubt which assails the man who, having refused for half a lifetime to lick anybody's boots, now finds himself wondering whether after all boot-licking may be the only effective policy in a society still dominated by patronage, whether in fact his struggle for integrity may have been mistaken all along, whether indeed he has left it too late to learn the apparently indispensable art of the sycophant. The England emergent from the reactionary phase of the past decade multiplies the number of men and women assailed by this kind of perplexity. It is not that they realise now that they licked the wrong boots when young: it is

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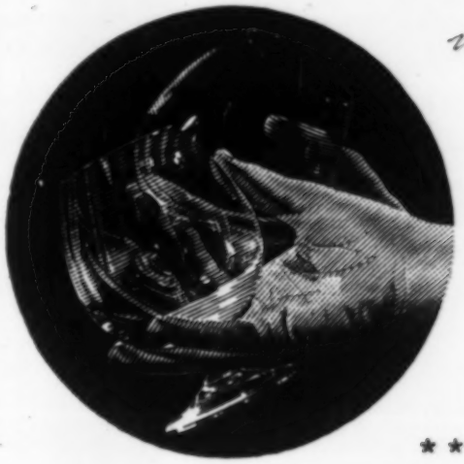

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that they lived and worked towards a society from which boot-licking had been altogether eliminated, and now know it to have been a mirage. There seems little use in looking forward in anger, as Muggeridge appears to advocate. There is still, however, the other line for those made of sterner stuff! 'These all died in faith, not having received the promises . . .'

JOSEPH MCCULLOCH

The Old Deanery
Warwick

THE POWER OF SCIENTISTS

SIR,—From his Olympian Heights A. J. P. Taylor pronounces moral judgment on my fellow scientists. He appears to have assembled an enormous amount of statistical data from which he comes to the following firmly established conclusions. 'Most of them do not care about men, human beings, at all. They only care about their experiments and their theoretical problems. . . . The scientists think they are God. They want to remake the universe, and we pay the price for their mad ambitions. . . . Shall we knock the power out of their hands before it is too late?' he writes last week.

As one among thousands of scientific men who cares about human beings and also about experimental and theoretical problems, who does not think he is God, but in his mad ambition would like to help remake the universe in accordance with what he imagines, perhaps wrongly, are the highest human values, I look at my empty hands and those of my colleagues for the power which Taylor wishes to knock out of them. As a supporter of the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign how could I possibly respond to an appeal from someone who has not even begun to understand the mind and feelings of the scientist, and so completely misconceives where social and political power rest?

HYMAN LEVY

25 Home Park Road
SW19

THE NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—Many of your readers must have been appalled at the recent spectacle of the three nuclear powers competing desperately to keep abreast of each other in nuclear explosions, ignoring the fact that according to the most authoritative estimates, every ten megatons of fission kills or maims 15,000 of our unborn children.

May we suggest a practical way in which sympathetic people may show their feelings? £2,000 is urgently needed for the winter programme of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which will include, among other things, a European Congress in London on 17 and 18 January. Donations should be sent to The Secretary, 146 Fleet Street, EC4.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
President
L. JOHN COLLINS
Chairman

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

BANKS AND UNIONS

SIR,—Mr Alan Taylor is a learned man. But when he turns to banking his scholarship departs him. In the banking paragraph of last week's 'London Diary' there are three clear errors of fact:

'Barclays,' he says, 'alone recognise The National Union of Bank Employees.' That alone would be true if 'alone' meant 'alone of the Big Five'. But he has just previously referred to the 'joint stock banks'—an ambiguous phrase, but one which in this connection must at least cover the 11 clearing banks. Among these The National Bank, of which I am chairman, recognises NUBE and has no staff association.

'The others' (apart from Barclays) 'ban trade unionism.' Quite incorrect. Thousands of bank officials in the other banks belong to NUBE although it is not recognised officially.

'Barclays Bank is a trade union shop.' Equally incorrect. Barclays recognise both NUBE and the staff association. But no individual member of the staff is forced to belong to either.

I am sure that Mr Taylor will be happy to accept these corrections.

PAKENHAM

The National Bank Limited
Old Broad Street, EC2

THE OLD GUARD

SIR,—I welcome, as you do, the disappearance of 'the most reactionary members of the Republican Party . . . all [elected] in the high noon of McCarthyism' But you might have chosen better examples. One of the seven former senators you name, Watkins of Utah was the chairman of the committee which censured McCarthy and broke his power; and he lost only because a true reactionary (Bracken Lee) opposed him and split his vote. Another of the seven, Thye of Minnesota, had a liberal voting record bettered—according to the *New Republic's* assessment—by only five of his 46 Republican colleagues and by only 18 Democrats. A third, Revercomb of West Virginia, is a reactionary but not a beneficiary of McCarthyism: he lost his seat in 1948, was beaten in the 'high noon' of 1952, and was re-elected (for purely local reasons) only in 1956.

PHILIP WILLIAMS

Nuffield College
Oxford

[We used 'McCarthyism' as a portmanteau phrase for heresy-hunting and cold-war hysteria. This was an over-simplification in the cause of brevity, but Revercomb undoubtedly shared McCarthy's views. It was at Wheeling, on Revercomb's home ground, that McCarthy opened his campaign against 'the card-carrying Communists in the State Department'. Mr Williams rightly points out that Senator Watkins was chairman of the committee which censured McCarthy when he had become an embarrassment to the Republican Party. But that does not make him a 'liberal' Republican. Mr Williams implies that we have been unfair to Watkins and Thye, who did indeed finally vote for censuring McCarthy. But Mr Williams cites the *New Republic's* analysis of voting. If he will look back, for instance, to 1956, when neither Watkins nor Thye was up for re-election, he will find that, in the *New Republic* list, Watkins and Thye both took what that journal considered to be a reactionary position on reciprocal trade, limiting war with China, the income tax, public housing, social security, civilian control of atomic energy, and the Hell's Canyon power project.—ED., *N.S.*]

SPORT IN THE MODERN WORLD

SIR,—In your most interesting article of 8 November a small historical point made might be misinterpreted, as the period covered by the observation in question seems to be 1895-1921. It is stated that 'to practise in the nets was not quite gentlemanly'. When I was a small school-boy in the summer of, I think, 1889 this was considered obligatory for all aspirants to the first or second XIs. I remember it because while 'fagging at the nets' I received a good drive in my face. Very early in this century a pupil of mine at Oxford habitually so practised at Lords.

E. F. CARRITT

University College
Oxford

THE TREATMENT OF PASTERNAK

SIR,—If Mr Francis Williams had looked at the *Daily Worker* of 1 November, front page, bottom of column four, he would have found a paragraph on the demand of the Writers' Union that Pasternak be expelled from the organisation and banished from the Soviet Union. Mr Williams should remember that the papers he quotes as giving more space than the *Daily Worker* to the Pasternak question have many more pages.

J. R. CAMPBELL
Editor
Daily Worker
75 Farringdon Road, EC1

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Children's Books Supplement

THE MAGIC OF E. NESBIT

Now that she has achieved the dignity of a centenary and two generations of children have grown up on her books, it is tempting to try and lay a finger on the peculiar excellence which keeps E. Nesbit still without a rival as a children's novelist. It is not easy: her good qualities are so numerous and so varied – originality of mind, ease and economy of style, fertility of invention, high-spirited intelligence – any one of these without the others would set her apart from the run of children's writers; yet none of them seems to account for the magic difference. Perhaps it is, simply, that she is one of those whom Somerset Maugham defends in a recent essay, 'novelists whose great gift is that they can lend a thrilling verisimilitude to the events they relate'?

Whether she was writing about the Bastables or about the most outlandish magic, she commanded, she still commands, complete belief. One might suppose that the space-minded young might by this time have lost their taste for Psammeads and phœnixes; but no; E. Nesbit sells better now than at any other time in the last thirty years. Thirteen of her books have been recently reissued by Benn*; two of them have also appeared as paper-backs†. If there was ever a posthumous trough it was a shallow one, and she is well out of it.

Twenty-five years ago, in her admirable biography of E. Nesbit, Doris Langley Moore indicated clearly enough that E. Nesbit's almost hallucinatory power of projecting an imaginary world as real was due to no special insight into the minds of her own or other people's children, but to ineffaceable memories of her own youth. She did not know solely from observation what it was like to be an adventurous and imaginative child; she performed that much rarer and more difficult feat – she fully remembered. Yet at the time when that biography was written, material relating to E. Nesbit's own childhood seemed disappointingly meagre. It was only five years ago, when searching through some 1897 numbers of *The Girls' Own Paper* for a quite unrelated reason, that Mrs Moore came upon a series of autobiographical articles by E. Nesbit, describing her own earliest years and recalling an unhappy and fear-ridden childhood which seems far indeed removed from the resilient domestic atmosphere of the Bastables.

Fortunately, there was soon another writer at work on E. Nesbit, and the papers were put into the hands of Miss Noel Streatfeild, who has quoted from them extensively in the first half of her recent study‡, where they form by far the most interesting part of what is not otherwise a particularly satisfactory book. (Lest this should seem a disobliging comment I am tempted to quote a sentence from Miss Streatfeild which illustrates the confusion of her writing: 'Nobody but the author knows when, what they are about to write, first takes shape in their brain, so since E. Nesbit is dead any ideas about her books can only be guesswork.')

One would like to see these fragments reprinted in full, for they are a history of childish fears and nightmare imaginings which were the curious (yet appropriate) preparation of a mind which in middle age was to produce such stimulating adventure stories for children. (There is some truth in Miss Streatfeild's observation that 'without doubt an unhappy childhood is the best possible training for those who are going to

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‡ MAGIC AND THE MAGICIAN. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Benn.* 15*s.*

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London, W.C.2

write for children'.) E. Nesbit's childhood acquaintance with fear, with nursery pillows wet with 'the dews of agony and terror', turned her firmly in the direction of confidence and daylight when she set her hard-worked pen to writing for children. The Psammead is cantankerous and grotesque, but who could be afraid of him? Even her dragons, including the terrifying Giant Sloth at work among the machinery of *The Magic City*, have a certain approachability when you get to know them. In every desperate dream-like situation there is an amulet, a word of power, an antidote which breaks the tension and brings release. The Ugly-Wuglies, indeed, are her only nightmare which persists in haunting.

The romantic originality of E. Nesbit's inventions has never been matched. Until she created the Psammead no one had thought of making a sand-fairy who was ugly, furry, cross and unprofessionally disobliging in the matter of granting wishes: yet, from the moment when he is accidentally dug up in a sand-pit he compels belief, since everything about him, character, habits, circumstances of discovery, is so authentic. The power of creating character, which made Oswald Bastable so memorable a figure, was employed with equal skill on her magic creatures. Who can ever hear of a phoenix, in whatever unlikely connection, without remembering the insatiable vanity, the elaborate modesty that fished for compliments, of that endearing bird?

Besides originality, her inventiveness had two qualities which gave her magic an irresistible attraction. It was extremely intelligent, in that it gave matter of real and thrilling interest to the reader (Atlantis, ancient Egypt, the building of Stonehenge) and at the same time intuitive, remembering and using the universal fantasies of childhood, causing those magic things to happen which every child has always hoped were true. No one has ever built a city with wooden bricks without lying down on the carpet and looking into it: seen from that level, the chambers, the pillars, the Angkor-like corridors are both enticing and formidable; one can hear one's footsteps echoing as the eye penetrates. It is this remembered emotion which was the germ of *The Magic City*. And who has not dreamed of a word to be breathed into the ear of dog or cat, making its silent language comprehensible? When Philip and Lucy do this in *The Magic City* the dachshund bitch, begging at breakfast, is heard to be murmuring, 'I do *hate* to bother my darling master and mistress, but if you *could* spare another *tiny* bit of bacon. . . .' (Incidentally, I was always worried by a rare mistake in H. R. Millar's illustrations, for though Max and Brenda in the story are dachshunds, in the pictures they emerge as undeniable Dalmatians; an error I now know to be due to E. Nesbit's habit of being behindhand with instalments, so that her splendid illustrator had often to work, not from the text, but from what she hurriedly told him.)

Nothing is careless in her work; she never dreamed of condescending to her audience. It was characteristic of her that before writing *The Story of the Amulet* she went to the British Museum and bearded Sir Ernest Wallis Budge in his lair with a request for guidance into the mysteries of ancient Egyptian magic. This led to a collaborative friendship which produced one of the best of her magic books.

There are, of course, children nowadays who cannot stomach magic unless it has to do with outer space. Even for them E. Nesbit is not a lost paradise. There are the Bastables. That entrancing family is certainly her best, for her creative drive went fully into Dora, Oswald, Dicky, Alice, Noel and H.O., undistracted by the complexities of magic. There is in them such a re-creation of the heartfelt enterprises of children, such subtle humour and high spirits, such poetic truth, that one remembers without surprise that it was E. Nesbit's lifelong desire to be, not a children's writer of genius at all, but a poet.

MARGARET LANE

3B at Cement Street

A Crime for Caroline. By PAMELA MANSERIDGE. *Dent.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

David and the Wolf Patrol. By S. HOLBROOKE-JONES. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Young Runner. By R. BATEMAN. *Constable.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Jim Starling; Jim Starling and the Agency. By E. W. HILDICK. *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d. each.*

The sociology of fiction is always important, and that of stories for children, in our changing society, is particularly interesting. Looking over my own children's reading, and at a selection of the new books, I find handsome volumes but curious feelings; a sprightly standard of illustration and story-telling but, on the whole, still, a very strange society. Most school stories, for example, are still about boarding schools; the world may have changed, but the Fourth Form at Greywalls is much as it was. Most homes, similarly, are still in that English Ruralania where for the price of a bungalow or a converted cottage you can be gentry or, even better, friendly with gentry. Daddy, as a rule, is always on business, but Mummy is there – the same old Mummy – and there are plenty of uncles, or substitute uncles, who usually need help in controlling an unruly local element. The daughters of titled families can sometimes be met, but, if this chance is missed, there are always the villagers: clean villagers, who are quick to help you, and not-so-clean villagers, who since they are usually engaged in crime are the raw material for exciting games as detectives. Into this sad, neurotic, whimsical little world, which comes also in a portable model for travel abroad or into space, the excitements of our children are still commonly projected.

Within this pattern, there are offensive and inoffensive examples. *A Crime for Caroline* is all right, but *David and the Wolf Patrol*, on the same basic lines, has good clean Scouts chanting 'wallah, wallah, wallah' against an enemy gang of Communists and village youths who kidnap a Countess because she led a popular revolution against a Red regime. I remember when I was a village youth I was also a King's Scout. In both capacities I should have found Mr Holbrooke-Jones's little class-war stupid and unpleasant.

Our interest and encouragement should be transferred, I think, to those writers who are trying to break away from these standard formulas. The hero of *Young Runner* is at a Secondary Modern school, but as his schoolmate's wealthy father has a friend who is a Harley Street specialist, this is hardly more than a gesture to librar-

ians. Mr Hildick, with his *Jim Starling* books, breaks away into an actual world. The anti-romanticism of Class 3B Cement Street Secondary Modern School, Smogbury, is, of course, overdone. Yet, when set beside Jim Starling's world, it is Greywalls and Ruralania that seem thin and drab. The gangs in the gravel playground; the flying-helmets, the chewing-gum, the kish-sounds of gunfights; the complicated routines of dinner-money, school meals, and late-lines; the ordinary teachers and the different speech patterns – all come marvellously to life and recognition. My own children, from seven to fourteen, loved these books, and my only regret is that Mr Hildick carries over into his different world certain old, worn patterns. The school-life is real, but the home-life is patronisingly comic, and still, in these working-class streets, there are hardly any real fathers. Plots like tracking real and imaginary gangs, characters like Tickersall, Morris and Legge, come straight from the old books. Thus the environment is changed; the patterns of feeling are not. Of course comedy and adventure are necessary, but this life is real enough to generate its own authentic kinds. Perhaps Mr Hildick and others will complete their revolution if we give them our critical support.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Books of practical entertainment are Joseph Leeming's *Real Book of Magic* and *Real Book of Games* (Dobson, 10s. 6d. each), Hubert Phillips's *Something to Think About* (Parrish, 12s. 6d), *Tricks Every Boy Can Do* and *More Tricks* (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. each), *Think Again – Puzzles and Problems* by W. Leslie Prout (Warne, 6s.), *Magic House of Numbers* by Irving Adler (Dobson, 10s. 6d), and *More Fun with Stamps* by Dianne Doubtfire and Kay Horowicz (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.).

Tintin for Britain

The Adventures of Tintin: The Crab with the Golden Claws; King Ottokar's Sceptre. By HERGÉ. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.

Tintin is certainly the best-known fictional character in the French-speaking world. A few weeks ago when the Americans tried to send their rockets to the moon, adults noticed that citizens from seven to fourteen were not interested. The Cape Canaveral boys had failed. Tintin hadn't. Oddly enough, there was something mysterious and science-fictionish about the American flop. Tintin's achievement was naturally far more convincing.

Now, with these two translations, an important aspect of French mass-culture in the last twenty years is made available to English readers. The carefully-coloured albums owe their success, among all classes of readers, to their detailed realism which is put over with simplicity and without talking down. An excellent transition from the world of childhood – whatever that is – to the no less complicated universe of adults, and, vice versa, it stands up to any amount of re-reading. Every one of Hergé's eighteen volumes teaches something through its description of existing or semi-imaginary countries visited by Tintin the youthful reporter. In *King Ottokar's Sceptre* the pages from the touristic brochure summarise magnificently the history of Syldavia, Kingdom of The Black Pelican and great exporter of firewood, horses and violinists. The Hergé team play freely with the probable, never with the crudely impossible except for the occasional wonderful rescue of the hero stuck in the middle of waterfalls or in trouble with his parachute.

By now, Tintin has visited America, North and South, Africa, the Middle East with a budding Israel, and Asia. He has mixed with the ordinary people and the best ruling circles, refusing to wear a dinner-jacket when visiting royalty long before Aneurin Bevan. If Tintin were English, I think he would write sympathetic letters to the *Guardian*. If he were French, he should subscribe to *l'Express*. He is Belgian and conveniently not old enough to vote. He is an old-fashioned liberal, always quick to spot and denounce, without bellowing or preaching, violence, war-mongering, political corruption, slavery, superstition, open or rampant colonialism, and all forms of totalitarianism. *Le Lotus Bleu*, for instance, is the best introduction of its kind to the last war between China and Japan. The over-simplification of big business, gangsterism and the colour-problem in *Tintin en Amérique* are easily excusable – and most refreshing after the current stuff of boys' weeklies. All the right, fundamental, civilised ideas are scattered throughout the stories, vigorously competing with the sexy trigger-happy death-rayish militaristic cant of hundreds of rival publications. From time to time, Jews, Arabs, Pygmies and Protestant parsons (one suspects that Tintin is a Catholic) don't get an absolutely square deal, but there is never a touch of racial prejudice or bigotry.

To the entire satisfaction of progressive continentals, the police are permanently ridiculed with Dupont *et* Dupond (now Thomson and Thompson), bowler-hatted inspectors who are always muffing it. Tintin, as a human being, is not radiatingly attractive. His gentle encyclopædic knowledge, middle-class decency and deductive brain leave no room for redeeming vices. Drunken Captain Haddock, fully equipped with a stock of insults; Milou the humorous down-

E. NESBIT Centenary

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER her birth E. Nesbit's books have never been in greater demand. The B.B.C. television serial of *The Railway Children* last year showed thousands of viewers what a wonderful storyteller she was. And there is the same enchantment in the stories of the Bastable family, the tales of the fabulous Psammead and Phoenix, and in the many other 'magic' books E. Nesbit wrote. This Christmas there are thirteen books by E. Nesbit in the bookshops:

The Bastable Books
THE STORY OF THE TREASURE SEEKERS 11s 6d
THE WOULDBEGOODS 12s 6d
NEW TREASURE SEEKERS 9s 6d

Psammead & Phoenix Books
FIVE CHILDREN AND IT 11s 6d
THE STORY OF THE AMULET 11s 6d
THE PHOENIX AND THE CARPET 11s 6d

All books illustrated

Mouldiwarp Books
THE HOUSE OF ARDEN 12s 6d
HARDING'S LUCK 9s 6d

'Magic' Books
THE ENCHANTED CASTLE 12s 6d
THE MAGIC CITY 12s 6d
WET MAGIC 12s 6d

And—
FIVE OF US—AND MADELINE 11s 6d
THE RAILWAY CHILDREN 11s 6d

Magic and the Magician *By* NOEL STREATFEILD

'The ever-green attraction of the Nesbit books is easy to understand after reading this biography . . . which charmingly analyses the Magic and faithfully describes the Magician.' *Teachers World* 15s.

The Story of the COMMONWEALTH
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Jamie: The Story of a Puffer
By JOHN DENTON

WRITTEN FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN this is the story of a small boat that " puffed " between the Western Islands of Scotland and the mainland.
Colour illustrations by STANLEY SMITH 5s

Ernest Benn

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BODLEY HEAD

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Children's Crusade,
Henry Treece, 12s. 6d. For this new historical novel, Henry Treece has chosen as his theme the tragic and inspiring story of the Children's Crusade, that movement of over 30,000 children down through France in the early thirteenth century. The illustrations are by Christine Price.

The Children of the Marshes,
Michel-Aimé Baudouy, 12s. 6d. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins, this is an original story of a group of Spanish children, and of their overwhelming interest in the bullfight. There are some striking illustrations by Richard Kennedy.

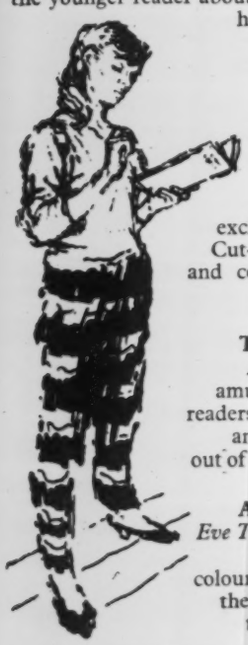
Secret of the Rocks,
Henry Garnett, 12s. 6d. (November 17). The sequel to *Rough Water Brown* continues the story of piracy and smuggling on the River Seven but now, ten years later, the new-fangled railway comes as a challenge to the age-old river transport. Illustrated by Peter Jackson.

The Land Beyond the North,
Roger Lancelyn Green, 12s. 6d. A fascinating excursion into the world of myth and fact. Melas, young guardian of the Golden Fleece, finds himself embarked on a thrilling voyage aboard the fabulous *Argo*. Illustrated by Douglas Hall.

The Future Took Us,
David Severn, 10s. 6d. An original and exciting story set in the Britain of 3000 AD. Peter and Dick suddenly find themselves in a country devastated by a vast explosion. Illustrated by Jillian Richards.

Petunia,
Roger Duvoisin, 8s. 6d. The charming story about a goose who finds a book lying in the meadow. Roger Duvoisin is well-known in this country for his delightful illustrations for *The Happy Lion*.

Horace the Helicopter,
Eileen Ryder, 7s. 6d. Simple little stories for the younger reader about the adventure of a helicopter and his pilot, John. Illustrated in colour by John Ryan.



Pugwash Aloft,
John Ryan, 7s. 6d. Captain Pugwash, the lovable pirate of television fame, is back again with some more exciting encounters with Cut-throat Jake. A bright and colourful picture book for the youngest reader.

The Zoo Breaks Out,
Mira Lobe, 9s. 6d. An amusing tale for younger readers about the day the animals decided to walk out of the zoo. Illustrated by Suzanne Weigel.

Anatole and the Cat,
Eve Titus and *Paul Galdone*, 7s. 6d. A bright and colourful sequel to *Anatole*, the story of the cheese-tasting French mouse.

to-earth dog (alas, cornily anglicised as Snowy); absent-minded Professor Tournesol (Calculus), deeply concerned with the peaceful use of atomic energy, and scores of secondary characters, are presumably closer to the rest of us. At times, Tintin's perfection can be a bit aseptic.

The translation of these two albums is on the whole remarkable. It is more difficult to translate children's books than anything else. As in the French versions, *King Ottokar's Sceptre* is unquestionably the better of the two. To my taste it takes too much for granted the notion of a constitutional monarchy, but in the long run it is likely to help breed true democrats.

OLIVIER TODD

Please Adjust Your Dressage

Musical Ride. By PEGGIE CANNAM. *Lutterworth.* 7s. 6d.

Satellite 7. By ANGUS MACVICAR. *Burke.* 7s. 6d.

Dark Horse. By PATIENCE MCELWEE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8s. 6d.

Nancy and the Carrs. By KATHLEEN MACKENZIE. *Evans.* 10s. 6d.

One hardly knows what Miss Angela Brazil would have made of the modern pony cult. It is likely that she would not have approved of it. There is certainly a lost pony in *A Harum-Scarum Schoolgirl* but it is safely in New Mexico and miles away. There is a stable in *For the School Colours* (Avelyn Watson hides in it, you remember, to get away from Mr Hockheimer) and an overwrought donkey in *The Third Class at Miss Kaye's* which, in its neurotic way, runs Sylvia Lindsay straight into a wild-rose bush and she has to scream to get herself disentangled. But these creatures are purely incidental. Juvenile, female, human bipeds were ever the only things of real importance up Miss Brazil's splendid street.

Quadrupeds are all the rage at the Old Gatehouse School in *Musical Ride*. There is, it is true, a passing mention of gumboils, an occasional '"Silence!" roared Matron', and Jackie has 'a second portion of cereal', but everybody's minds are really on cleaning the tack (the place is alive with ponies), doing the friendly thing to snaffles, curbs and withers, sloshing on the saddle-soap, changing legs (what *does* it mean?), and avoiding mishaps in the field ('It's my jodhs, they're too tight'). The head girl, Carole Wainwright, is a regular martinet ('Get off and loosen your girth') and prescribes a few hours on the vaulting-horse ('She'll be more springy perhaps'). The trial for the Gatehouse Cavalry (black cloaks and lances with silver pennants) finds Brenda Jarvis on Merrymaker, Heather on Crumpet, and Ursula Torbey-Jones on Nomad (disqualified).

The new riding mistress, Miss Tanner (Spanish Riding School Certificate), appears in cavalry twill breeches and a sleeveless shantung blouse, twirls an ebony crop, and rides 'sitting well back showing gaps beneath her knees'. Tch, tch! When she counsels the antiquated backward seat for jumping one simply doesn't know which way to look. The headmistress is on the vague side, is given to saying 'That's a mad caper' and drifts about in a housecoat, watering her window-box. She is certainly in command of a strange school: 'Well, there's some Chippendale and Sheraton stuff all over the place and the grand piano . . . and the pictures in the Long Gallery. There are genuine Van Goghs and Gainsboroughs among them, and plenty of stuff in between'.

The distinguished violinist, Professor Müller, arrives ('You play for me soon, huh?') with his 'genuine Barotti' but his ancient instrument gets filched ('Oh, my precious wiolin') and Miss Tanner is seen acting – well, *oddly*. Then poor, bespectacled little Angela Worsted (badly kicked at the age of five) tries to run away ('I hate horses, you know I do') and, consoled with jelly-babies, is allowed to help embroider togs for the Cavalry ('Miss Welbeck has given us permission to use one of her treadles'). Even then, the wee mite muddles a hem ('It's just gone a bit wonky') and later 'her salty tears sopped the crumpled pillow without pause'. She blubs into her breakfast and, trying to run away again on the very afternoon of the Minnworth Show, gets stuffed into a boot cupboard by an International Smuggling Gang (second-in-command – Miss Tanner) who are busy ('An order from H.Q.') loading the weighty contents of the Long Gallery ('Stop grumbling!') into a van, Miss Tanner 'carrying a large portrait on her head'. One ought to have spotted Miss Tanner from the very first. Those gaps beneath her knees! I mean – *really!*

In *Satellite 7*, Tony and Jake are shipwrecked on a lonely, scientist-ridden, rocket-launching Hebridean island, where rheumaticky old Granny Stewart ('anything but space-minded') is very fussed, wailing 'There is evil in Shuna' but rallying later with 'Don't be paying any heed to my blethers'. Two rockets (Professor Walters in charge) have already been launched, and a real fizzer (round the moon and back in twelve hours) is going off any minute. There is a cheery Flight-Lieutenant ('Evening, chaps'), a time-bomb and a spy. Granny Stewart, 'intent but patient', is recklessly present in the bunker at blast-off ('The last time we were up at the Station for a launching all we had was a cup of tea'). The Professor obligingly explains things ('I press a button') to the young people and, with the rocket due back shortly, the spy (I won't spoil it) unmasks and gets ugly ('No point in losing our tempers at this stage') until he is sent flying, 'the helpless victim of a hard cross-buttock'. Meantime, the rocket zooms safely down through the Appleton Layer and lands, looking fatigued, on the beach. Granny Stewart ('a tiny bit eccentric') sums up: 'Satellites come from the mind but singing is from the heart'. Of *course*, dear.

More ponies in *Dark Horse* but very untiresome ones (only two gymkhanas and one Show) and this is a likeable story, complete with a horrifying modern grandmother ('Flora' to the children) with painted finger-nails, tight curls of mauvish blue ('Remind me to get you some hair-nets, Susannah, when I go up for my rinse'), and dead nuts on Gracious Living.

In *Nancy and the Carrs*, Aunt Maud ('by way of being a socialist') disapproves of Nancy's friendship with the upper-crust Carr girls, Yolande, Vanya and Amanda, and thinks riding a waste of time ('Oh come, Maud!'). However, Nancy gets to Badminton for the Three Day Event ('She talked dressage almost exclusively') and when Yolande comes a purler at the tree-trunk, the Queen sends to inquire. Nancy ends up as groom to the Carrs ('I'm just fizzing with happiness'). A well written book for a teenage equestrienne.

Well, I think I've got it all straight and can now start on a pony book myself:

> Knees down, hocks up, withers out, rosettes on, cruppers in, and brakes off, Prudence cantered swiftly along, deftly changing legs as she went. Was Sultan still oozing joint oil from his off fore? Grimly she set the huge skewbald, roan gelding at a cut-and-laid but only a vicious swish on his dappled rump got him over. 'Mornin', Pru' – this from Lady Castleton-Jones.

It's *true* about joint oil. I promise.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Harrap Books

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24 Russell Square, London W.C.1

Junior Novels

Tom's Midnight Garden. By PHILIPPA PEARCE. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Sparrow Child. By MERIOL TREVOR. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mulbridge Manor. By JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Trespassers at Charlcote. By GILLIAN AVERY. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The House by the Marsh. By M. E. ALLEN. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Kidnapping of Kensington. By BRUCE CARTER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Pearce's book will appeal to the senses even before it lays siege to the imagination; so lucid is its typography, so delectable its illustrations. The author claims as her readers those of '9 up': rightly so, for this brilliant fantasy on the theme of time has a quality capable of capturing all ages. It tells of the exploits of the boy Tom, who, after the clock at night has struck 13, slips next door into a secret garden and into a secret pocket of time; there to share many strange and unexpected adventures with little Hatty, the Victorian child. Impossible, in a brief review, to do full justice to *Tom's Midnight Garden.* It is a work of the greatest distinction.

The Sparrow Child, too, stands head and shoulders above the run of children's books. A long, intricate and enthralling story, it is based on more than one level of experience: at the same time, because its picture of contemporary children, as of contemporary adults, is wholly faithful, chapter by chapter it continues successfully to hold the attention. Since Miss Trevor's book springs direct from the level at which poetry is conceived, it is not easy to classify: but the tale of a search for the Glastonbury chalice unravels a complex tangle of human conflicts and aspirations. A most unusual book, in that it combines clarity and gaiety with the mysterious depth and colour of a stained-glass window.

Mulbridge Manor is the book of a poet as well as a story-teller, and the accrued interest is faithfully passed on to adolescents of both sexes. The children it describes are sturdy down-to-earth children, addicted, all of them, to cricket, to amateur sleuthing and to the eating of very hearty meals. At another level, the summer countryside, the long day of activity and adventure under a sky eternally blue, is most attractively rendered. Running through it all the while is the central mystery of a lost will, the search and the suspense being expertly sustained throughout.

One fine day in the late Victorian era a boy and girl discover in the wilderness of a large park run to seed a deserted mansion called Charlcote. The great house, beautiful and mysterious, is half in ruins: timidly, in repeated visits, they explore its damp cellars, its rusty ovens, its flaking passages; they come upon its derelict conservatory, with ferns growing through the broken panes; and, at the centre of the house itself, a vast hall with fluted pillars and a ceiling painted in white and gold. Hoping against hope that no one will discover their secret, privately they adopt the house, and do their best, sweeping floors and lighting fires, to restore it to some semblance of order. Charlcote becomes the passion and obsession of a whole summer; and there can be no doubt that the reader, too, will readily succumb to its spell.

Adventure comes to the three Osborne girls, Tabby, Tracy and Tam, when they hear they are to leave industrial Stoneborough for a vicarage in the Norfolk marshes. They find a charming flint house and a garden brilliant with flowers. At first the locals do not take kindly to the newcomers; but soon Tracy becomes a member of the exclusive Marsh Mallow Club, and boating, swimming or exploring, the girls all find congenial friends. The Norfolk scene, with its stubble-fields and clouds of seagulls following in the wake of the red and turquoise-blue tractors is vividly rendered; and the book closes, dramatically, with the rescue of the villagers from the great flood that, unheralded, has come rolling in across the marsh.

Brighton during the invasion scare of 1940 is the setting of Mr Carter's novel, and both the text and the illustrations by Mr Walter Hodges effectively capture the atmosphere of that unique town. For the purposes of his story Mr Carter has supposed that fear of invasion has caused Brighton's inhabitants to evacuate their former homes *en masse*. In the crush at the station, the Hartford children are separated from their parents. They return to a deserted house, from which water, telephone and gas have all been cut off, and embark on a strange exciting existence in a new and wholly unfamiliar Brighton.

Afterthought. Can it be, perhaps, that we do our children some dis-service in too readily prolonging their addiction to pre-digested foods? Weighty as it may have been, the educational system perfected by James Mill seems nowise to have fractured the structure of his son's intellectual life; and Elizabeth Barrett had read Gibbon, Tom Paine, Voltaire, Hume, Rousseau and Mary Wollstonecraft before she was 12 years old.

BETTY MILLER

Wild and Tame

Prince of the Jungle. By RENÉ GUILLOT. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Wild and Free. By HELEN GRIFFITHS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Dog Who Wouldn't Be. By FARLEY MOWAT. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Mr Bumstead. By B. B. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One has only to think of Kipling and Beatrix Potter on the one hand, and their all too numerous and frightful imitators on the other, to realise how animals bring out the best and the worst in juvenile fiction. I don't know exactly where René Guillot's jungle is, though it purports to be in India. I suspect that it has as much reality as Blake's forests of the night: which is to say, the more-than-geographical reality of the world of imagination. Certainly it is very satisfying. So authentic is the tribal scene, so intense the half-savage life that goes on there, that no reader, least of all a boy of 11 or so, would stop to question the accuracy of M. Guillot's vision. He is perhaps the nearest equivalent we have today to Rider Haggard, with perhaps a touch of Kipling. He has an astonishing sense of animal life, bringing elephants, tigers, horses and dogs within range of our five senses. His latest story, *Prince of the Jungle*, has not quite the attraction of *The Elephants of Sargabal*, and is to my mind disfigured by rather too much blood and cruelty. This is a pity, for he is one of the very best living boys' authors. It is to be hoped that he is not losing the humanity, and even humour, which illuminate some of his earlier books.

Helen Griffiths, whose *Horse in the Clouds* was well received, has something of M. Guillot's insight into the animal mind. Her new book, *Wild and Free*, is the story of a puma-cub adopted by a small boy and brought up by him until her

New DENT Books for Young Readers

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Johanna Spyri

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Doreen Baxter

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M. D. Hillyard

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Collected and Illustrated by A. H. Watson

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The Crab with the Golden Claws and **King Ottakar's Sceptre** are in the bookshops now. You could not choose better Christmas presents for children of seven upwards. **8/6 each**

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Brock Books

FOR OLDER BOYS

Ian Munro's Monte Carlo Rally

12/6, by MICHAEL GIBSON. Ian, 19, shares Rally hazards in family car. Real-life adventure with documentary background and illustrations

Designed for children by Brockhampton Press, Leicester

desire for freedom compels him to release her. The incident is slight, and Miss Griffiths dwells on every development of it with meticulous care. Some children may find it long-drawn-out, but the reader who has an interest in the emotional development of children, especially in relation to animals, will appreciate its subtlety. Not that this is a story for adults and psychologists only; on the contrary, its chief appeal will be to intelligent readers of 10 to 13 with an ear for what the publishers describe as 'the call of the wild'.

It is probably harder to write about dogs convincingly than to imagine the feelings of elephants and pumas. Few writers avoid treating them as comic or pathetic, or both. Farley Mowat's *Dog Who Wouldn't Be* is no exception; but his adventures are recounted in this unpretentious, chatty book as a focus for the author's childhood reminiscences. There is a certain cosy jocularity about Mr Mowat's writing that recalls Jerome K. Jerome.

Mr Bumstead is unblushingly sentimental, as is to be expected in a book about a spaniel and his adored 12-year-old master. But it is no good being snooty about dog-lovers, for whom this book is certainly a gift; I know some otherwise perfectly sane and intelligent people who prefer dogs to human beings, and the author of *Mr Bumstead* has observed his hero with extreme fidelity; he can write very engagingly, and with an uncommon capacity for conveying the colours and scents of the countryside. A book for which the doggy may well conceive a lasting affection.

JAMES REEVES

Half Fare to Everywhere

Noriko-San. Bamburu. English versions by LEILA BERG. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Picture History of the United States. By H. S. COMMAGER. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Real Book of Red Indians. By MICHAEL GORHAM. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Young Traveller in Russia. By WRIGHT W. MILLER. *Phœnix.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Young Traveller in the Far North. By GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON. *Phœnix.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Meet North Africa. By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

The Master Key. By J. H. MACLEHOSE. *Blackie.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Little Wild Girl. By STUART CAMPBELL. *Warne.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

If well begun were really half done the children of today would be all set for success in world affairs – internationally minded before they had cut their back teeth, and half-way to the Nobel Prize before they were dry at night. For the beginnings are excellent: gay covers, clear print and good pictures bring out the full glory of travellers' tales and make geography seem fun, and this cheerful education starts from the earliest years. If you are old enough to handle a book and distinguish right way up from upside down, you are old enough to make a start on foreign affairs. This season there are two particularly charming books to attract the smallest child who can turn their pages. *Noriko-San* tells of a young Japanese girl who shows her way of life to a little Swedish friend, *Bamburu* of a beaming little black boy in Ghana whose placid life is disturbed by the coming of a school. The stories are simple, with common incidents of daily life looming large in such plot as there is, and with clear and shining photographs on every page. When tested on a lively four-year-old both books proved an instant success, and a younger brother, suddenly and delightfully colour blind, goes around exclaiming gleefully that the picture of the naked little African is really a photo of himself.

A Picture History of the United States is for rather older children. The writing no longer explains the pictures; it is the pictures now that adorn the tale. It is shockingly easy for children to go through school with only the scrappiest idea of American history, and it will be all to the good if this very readable book leads them to learn it at home. The epic of the pioneers is a success story on a vast scale with all the ingredients of a Western. It is excellent that an American historian of the status of Professor Commager should write this book for children, and should write it so well. One's only criticism is that he has played down the dealings with the Indians and the bitter struggle for the Prairies. *The Real Book of Red Indians* gives a better picture of the Indians' part in American history. It traces the brave migrations through Alaska which came to populate an empty continent; it has lots of splendid stories of the Indians in their prime, with Sitting Bull, Sequoyah, Hiawatha and all the rest; it chronicles the white advance; and it deals with some of the problems on the reservations today.

The *Young Traveller* series is still going strong, and one pair of their fictitious twins has even been to Russia. Another pair has paid a flying visit to Iceland, Greenland and Alaska. Both books are good for vicarious adventure and painless current affairs, and the Russian is outstanding. Mr Miller has an awkward subject but he seems to be scrupulously fair. A convenient crash lands the twins in an isolated village where floods maroon them for a week, and an even more convenient uncle lets them stay for months in his Moscow flat. Trips to Leningrad and the Caucasus extend the scope of their tour, and the whole account is so vivid that you could well be there yourself.

Meet North Africa is lively, informative and up to date. Mr Gunther's own travels take second place to clear accounts of the history and present politics of North Africa, and I should expect an older child to like it and to learn a lot.

But perhaps the nicest way to learn geography is from stories set in distant lands. It is easy for children to extend their sympathies when they see the world through foreign eyes. *The Master Key* is set in modern India. Its very real and likeable heroine, young Radharani Roy, is an orphan who runs away to avoid being taken by a moneylender in part exchange for her grandmother's debts. She is bewildered and defenceless in the bustling world outside her home, but it is through her own brave efforts that she finds a long-lost uncle, and in the end her troubles are solved by literacy and the Christian Church. The book is written to point a moral, but lots of the best novels were written out of a strong social passion and were none the worse for that. Mrs MacLehose has been teaching in India for many years and she passes on her love and understanding of the many sorts and conditions of people she has met. *Little Wild Girl*, on the other hand, has two Indian heroines who would do far better in an English boarding school or in a London suburb. But even so it is a rattling good adventure, and the plot is beautifully Indian, with elephants, bandits and fakirs, the harbour at Bombay, a modern Maharajah, and anything else you could want.

JENNIFER BOURDILLON

The World of Pooh (Methuen, 21s.) contains all the A. A. Milne Pooh stories, and *The Compleet Molesworth* (Parrish, 21s.) has The Lot– *Down with Skool, How to be Topp, Whizz for Atomms* and a new whiff of the Willans-Searle grapeshot, *Back in the Fug Again*.

NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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illustrations by Giovannetti

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A beautifully illustrated story about a lovable little monk, who tries to make a gift of appreciation to God, but finds, in the end, that his kind deeds are the best gift of all. 12*s.* 6*d.*

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How the clever men of a little town had to turn foolish for self-protection, and how they found it a very difficult thing to do. A delightful tale that is beautifully illustrated by the author. 12*s.* 6*d.*

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The English language, however, contains a great many more words worth the knowing, and not all ending in *osity* and *ation*. Chambers's Children's Illustrated Dictionary will help towards their discovery and—let us add—their spelling, which does not depend upon 'the taste and fancy of the speller'.

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from Collins

Antiquaries and Astronomers

Looking and Finding. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Phoenix.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Instructions to Young Naturalists: II. Insects. By L. HUGH NEWMAN. *Museum.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Your Book of Astronomy. By PATRICK MOORE. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Discovering the Heavens. By I. O. EVANS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Boy Scientist. By JOHN LEWELLEN. *Phoenix.* 18*s.*

Radio Astronomy. By NIGEL CALDER. *Phoenix.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Radio Astronomy and Radar. By J. G. CROWTHER. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Geoffrey Grigson's aim is not to teach – for intelligence cannot be taught – but to awaken an intelligent interest in the history and antiquities around his readers' doorsteps, preferably country doorsteps. His information, whether he is telling one how to get hold of early Ordnance Survey maps that may show a vanished watermill or lime-kiln, or whetting the appetite about weathercocks and sacred yew-trees, is designed to inspire curiosity and provide practical means of satisfying it. He can be romantic about the past, urging one to read White's *Selborne* and Sir Thomas Browne's *Urne-Buriall*, without indulging in any nonsense about the good old days. He is equally good on using a trowel and knowing how far from the cottage door to find the rubbish dump. There is great satisfaction in a discovery that is all one's own, even if it is only a broken clay-pipe or a Victorian ointment-pot, so I hope that his advice will be taken, and that before the Christmas holidays are over the second-hand booksellers are pestered for copies of Pugsley's *Dewponds in Fable and Fact*, and vicars all over the country are besieged by earnest boys and girls politely asking if they may see the parish records.

In natural history there is less chance of making discoveries, but you can still be encouraged to do it yourself. L. Hugh Newman knows his insects, and in this second volume of *Instructions to Young Naturalists* begins by telling you all about preserving them dead and breeding them alive before going into details of the likeliest kinds. The photographs are as brilliant as the butterflies they depict. The prose, on the other hand, is apt to be no more – but no less – inspiring than an old woodlouse. To the many children already fascinated by woodlice this will rank as high commendation.

Patrick Moore, an astronomer and keen back-garden star-watcher, tells you how to make your own telescope and how to use it to observe sunspots without blinding yourself. Within its brief scope *Your Book of Astronomy* outlines the solar system, describes the main constellations and touches on nebulae and galaxies, with the aid of adequate diagrams and some superb photographs. More ambitious would-be astronomers should turn to I. O. Evans's masterly history, *Discovering the Heavens*, which, instead of presenting a simplified picture of the universe as it is now believed to be, begins with the night sky and follows men's attempts to understand it. Mr Evans flaunts the difficulties and then elucidates them brilliantly. One follows him from the Chaldeans through Aristotle's entangled spheres to Copernicus's and Galileo's theories, so that by the time Newton and Kepler begin to make sense of the universe it is immensely exciting. He maintains this lucidity to the end, boggling only at the Theory of Relativity.

Those bold enough to want to tackle Relativity should turn to the end of *The Boy Scientist*, which makes clear the problem that Einstein was trying to solve, even if it doesn't pretend to explain quite how he solved it. This first-class primer in physics has nothing to do with boy scientists, it is a popular textbook in which each branch takes off from the career of some relevant scientist and is interspersed with intelligently chosen experiments that can be done at home with little fuss or mess.

Nigel Calder and J. G. Crowther bring astronomy right up to date. Both books are clear and well illustrated, but Mr Crowther is more detailed and much more explicit in describing techniques, especially the interferometer. Both are excellent on the implication of this newest of sciences, which has provided a completely new means of astronomical perception. It has charted two thousand 'radio stars', most of which are invisible to the most powerful of telescopes, though their 'radio noise' can be heard across hundreds of millions of light-years. The work of the Great Ear at Jodrell Bank, as Mr Calder likes to call it, in tracking the sputniks is only incidental to the problem of the nature of the universe, which, after reading Evans and Calder, seems so much more exciting than the neo-mediæval adventures of fictitious space-travellers.

RICHARD GARNETT

Poetry Books

The Faber Book of Nursery Verse. Chosen by BARBARA IRESON. *Faber.* 25*s.*

A Golden Land. Edited by JAMES REEVES. *Constable.* 25*s.*

Poems to Remember. Compiled by PATRIC DICKINSON and SHEILA SHANNON. *Harvill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Batsford Book of Children's Verse. Edited by ELIZABETH JENNINGS. *Batsford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Christmas that Almost Wasn't. By OGDEN NASH. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Puffin Quartet of Poets. Edited by ELEANOR GRAHAM. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.*

'The best in this kind are but shadows.' James Reeves quotes this phrase in his dedication of *A Golden Land* to Walter de la Mare, and it is probably true that none of this season's anthologies for children are likely to become classics in their kind as some of his have. This group of editors have it in common with de la Mare, that several of them are active poets, interested in giving children only what they consider the best. Even so, the ideas set out in their introductions and reflected in their choice of poems are diverse, and even sometimes contradictory.

Barbara Ireson, in the *Faber Book of Nursery Verse*, has included, as well as traditional material, a good deal of poetry written specifically for children, although she has avoided 'a certain kind of sentimental poetry that was popular at one time'. Personally I would rather have a little honest sentiment than the cunning archness that dreams up such beasts as 'the soft-nosed wollop'. She shares the point of view of Ogden Nash's 'Don't cry Darling, It's Blood All Right', and Dr Heinrich Hoffmann's grisly cautionary tales, banished from many nurseries by timorous parents, have been restored on the grounds that the children, at any rate, will enjoy them.

James Reeves has drawn for his satisfying anthology of stories and poems *A Golden Land*, not only on modern and traditional sources, but also on such Victorian authors as Mrs Moles-

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By BARBARA WILLARD
Illustrated by Geoffrey Fletcher

Snail and the Pennithornes, described by Barbara Euphan Todd on the B.B.C. as "a perfectly lovely book", ended with Richard Pennithorne saying he was sure there *would* be a next time. And here it is; but this time Snail and Meg and Richard spend their holiday on a narrow boat meandering along the inland waterways of England. 10*s.* 6*d. net*

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HUNT ROYAL DAVID SCOTT DANIELL (author of The Dragon & the Rose) tells the true escape story of young King Charles II from the battlefield of Worcester. A thrilling tale full of action and excitement. Illustrated by William Stobbs, *13s. 6d.*

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THE LOG OF THE ARK KENNETH WALKER and GEOFFREY BOUMPHREY collaborated on this children's classic—long out of print—on the traditional theme of Father Noah: stable-mate (or Ark-mate) of The Wind in the Willows and The Young Visitors. Illustrated, *13s. 6d.*

THE 35th OF MAY The small boy Conrad and his Uncle Ringel take a trip one afternoon to the South Seas. Their adventures and the wonderful people they meet are described credibly and delightfully by the creator of Emil. Illustrated, *13s. 6d.*

JONATHAN CAPE

worth, who might well be accused of sentimentality, but is likely to have the charm of the unfamiliar for the modern child, reared on tougher fare.

An anthology is not entirely satisfying until it provides quantity as well as quality. For this reason *Poems to Remember*, compiled by Patric Dickinson and Sheila Shannon, is likely to outlast Elizabeth Jennings's *Batsford Book of Children's Verse. Poems to Remember* is arranged according to the complexity of the poems, which vary from nursery rhymes to extracts from *Paradise Lost* and *Vala*. A fresh approach to Wordsworth, Shelley and Tennyson, among others, has produced some very good results. Elizabeth Jennings has made her selection with taste and care, but it is a pity she had not more space. The editors of both these volumes are sceptical about poems written specifically for children, but the Puffin selection makes a brave attempt to assemble some of the best of these, from the works of Eleanor Farjeon, James Reeves, E. V. Rieu, and Ian Serraillier. The children may like the poems, but the way they are presented is rather dull.

The grown-ups are likely to chortle over Ogden Nash's *The Christmas that Almost Wasn't*, and the children may enjoy it as long as the chocolates remain unfinished and some of the balloons unpopped, but probably not longer. A parent who wants to keep them well and truly occupied would do well to supply them with one of the larger books.

ANNA MADGE

Meet the Past

Hunt Royal. By DAVID SCOTT-DANIELL. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Story of Marie Antoinette. By ANNA FRENCH. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Children's Crusade. By HENRY TREECE. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Quinn of the Fury. By SHOWELL STYLES. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d*

Path-through-the-Woods. By BARBARA KER WILSON. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Warrior Scarlet. By ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In this batch there are two biographical books, two historical adventure stories, and two books which attempt both to instruct and to excite the imagination. Each is worth giving to the right child; each is aimed at a very different audience.

Mr Scott-Daniell's *Hunt Royal* is a romantic account of Charles II's escape after Worcester. 'This is the story of a man hunt', he begins promisingly. But too much of the tale is in terms of—

> 'What's he like, sir,' said John eagerly.
>
> 'Oh well,' said the dark young man thoughtfully, 'that's not easy for me to say. He's a cheerful person I think. Not really warlike. He prefers a peaceful life with lots of friends, and he likes horse-racing and tennis better than campaigns and battles. I don't think he's serious enough to be a King really'.

The adventures of the 'dark young man' are made rather too genteel and too pretty (like the pictures): tension is missing, but the story itself is too good to spoil. Miss Anna French uses conversation with similar clumsiness in her *Story of Marie Antoinette*:

> 'Truth to tell, I feel somewhat overcome on this historic occasion, gathered as we are here in the great "Hall of the lesser pleasures" of our sovereign, awaiting his speech to open proceedings . . . Ah, here at last is the Queen.'
>
> 'I must confess she has a truly regal figure, comrade, do you not agree?'

Despite the gush, the story emerges with some balance. Marie Antoinette has infinite charm ('there was something magical about her powers'); but she was wantonly extravagant ('you can imagine how envious the ladies of the Court grew as they saw the smart new gowns'); and her end was noble to a degree. Most of the half-tone plates are insipid; but they include David's wonderful sketch of the Queen on her way to the guillotine.

The two adventure stories are skilfully told. In Henry Treece's *The Children's Crusade* a boy and a girl (accompanied by the family chaplain, a devout man who can swing a useful right hook) leave their father's castle in Auvergne to join the hysterical Stephen and his band of children on their way to Marseilles; they cross to Algiers and are sold into slavery; pass through hairbreadth escapes among the Saracens; and are finally rescued on the brink of martyrdom. Young Geoffrey nearly knocks out his disguised rescuer: '*Splendeur de Dieu*! but you punch like an English blacksmith, *mon ami*.' Mr Treece has made good use of his Runciman; but the real appeal of his book is its pace.

Mr Showell Styles's *Quinn of the Fury* is a fifteen-year old midshipman in Nelson's fleet outside Toulon; he is given command of a captured brig and uses it to make a series of forays along the coast. Quinn's feats are performed with impeccable sangfroid, which is given relief by the excitability of his American-born comrade.

> 'For the land's sake!' he gasped, 'It's—it's sheer madness, Quinn! Even if it succeeds—' 'Pray forget the word "if" in this matter, Mr Van Damm. I take full responsibility, but a large share of the risk will be yours. Are you afraid?'

Finally, having destroyed half a French fleet, captured a frigate and a pirate corsair, and collected an Italian countess, he reaches harbour at the appointed time. Midshipman Quinn is bespectacled, a bit of an intellectual, and he doesn't much care for blood. Otherwise he is remorselessly public school; junior boys will love him.

Miss Barbara Ker Wilson's *Path-through-the-Woods* is a self-conscious mixture of instruction, self-identification and sentiment. It is about a middle-class family in Highgate in the 1850s. The heroine is the eldest daughter, who wants to be a doctor; she is one of Miss Buss's first pupils in Camden Town; she helps Miss Nightingale roll bandages; she sees an amused Queen Victoria at the Great Exhibition, and the Prince of Wales buying a fan in Paris; her brother watches the launching of the *Great Eastern;* her sister is painted by Landseer. These educative episodes are linked together by a patchwork quilt, which itself plays a part in the surrounding story about a modern nurse. The pictures are a good long way after Gwen Raverat; and it is all rather sweet and cloying.

Miss Rosemary Sutcliff's *Warrior Scarlet* is much more sophisticated, ambitious and imaginative. Her hero is a boy in a Bronze Age village; he has a withered arm, but trains himself to fight and to hunt. By bad luck, he fails the major initiation test, and for a time is banished to the sheep folk outside the tribal encampment; but in the end he establishes his manhood in a desperate struggle with a marauding wolf, and goes through the rites, and chooses his mate. Miss Sutcliff vividly describes his background and his actions; she is also concerned with his states of mind. Her writing is a little mannered but it has real evocative power; and it is matched by excellent illustrations by Mr Charles Keeping. Her book is undoubtedly the best buy, but even a mature digestion may find it a bit rich.

C. S. BENNETT

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Eric and Karlsson-on-the-Roof. By ASTRID LINDGREN. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A Bear Called Paddington. By MICHAEL BOND. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Adventures of Frankie and Jessie. By JEAN SIMPSON. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Girl in the Glass Coach. By LISA TETZNER. *Muller* and *Blackie.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stars for Cristy. By MABEL LEIGH HUNT. *Blackie.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Hampshire Pig. By CHARLOTTE HOUGH. *Hamish Hamilton* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Books for children of seven to ten have a plain, sober look these days. Between these years, many children do, in fact, lose a taste for fantasy and acquire an appetite for facts. *Midnight Rally,* in the admirable Reindeer series, is a good example of the children's book built on a convincing factual background, down-to-earth dialogue, and some carefully contrived but not too wild or unlikely adventure in the middle. Some children on holiday discover a veteran car in a garage, find spare parts to refurbish it, and, after setbacks, win a local veteran car rally. Like porridge, this sort of thing is wholesome and nourishing, but it lacks the extra something that makes a child's book memorable.

The best of the present batch of books stand out, in fact, either because they do not dodge fantasy or because there is enough salt in, or enough cream with, their porridge. *Moominland Midwinter* combines pure fantasy with a realistic evocation of the Finnish landscape, and a gripping sense of character. The Moomins, curious Thurberesque creatures, usually hibernate, but one winter young Moomintroll wakes up and cannot go to sleep again. He survives till spring with the help of some curious companions, Little My, a ferocious little St Trinian's type, the small Creeps, 'the lonely and the rum', who settle in the Moomin drawing-room and eat up all Moominmammas jam-store. Wise, ironic comments on human behaviour lurk under Miss Jansson's delightful dottiness.

Eric and Karlsson-on-the-Roof, by the Swedish author of the Pippi Longstocking books, has a similar fine extravagance. As vain and boisterous as Pippi, Karlsson is a little fat man who lives on the roof, with an engine in his stomach to make him fly. He leads a small boy, Eric, into all sorts of amusing mischief, but in the end his is a slightly inhuman figure, not so gentle and bewildered as Moomintroll, not so grandly generous as Pippi. *A Bear called Paddington* is a cosier sort of fantasy about a bear from 'darkest Peru' found at Paddington station. He settles down comfortably with an English family called Brown, has trouble with baths and escalators, and wins Mr Brown a painting competition by doodling on a 'restored' (or obliterated) landscape. He is a welcome addition to the ranks of fictional bears.

The Adventures of Frankie and Jessie takes us back to realism. A little boy and girl go to live in a large country house where their mother is housekeeper. Everything is seen, very beautifully, through their eyes: the huge rambling house, the cranky old owner, grieving for his dead daughter, the bossy butler, the impossible woman who is the mother of the heir-presumptive, and the children's own tiresome friends, Sydney and Jean. The dialogue is excellent. In a way, this is like a good adult novel in miniature.

I felt doubtful at first about *The Girl in the Glass Coach.* A Cockney waif finds a wallet stuffed with notes and hands it in at the police station. The story gets a lot of publicity, and people write in to the newspaper concerned sending presents of party dresses, dancing shoes, roller-skates, money. There is even a drive to a circus in a glass coach and a job in the circus. But what saves the story is that Jennifer, the heroine, distrusts the Cinderella stuff as much as we do.

Stars for Cristy, about a girl from the New York slums taken on a farm holiday by a charitable organisation, might have been sentimental, too. But the Italian-immigrant background rings true; and Cristy's reactions are not stereotyped, in fact on first seeing the farm she wants to run away from it. The *Hampshire Pig* has all Miss Hough's customary charm but, though the children are delightfully natural, one misses the vein of fantasy that made *Jim Tiger* such a winner.

EILEEN FRASER

Picture Books

Some Day. By GRACE PAULL. *Abelard-Schuman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Wait Till Sunday. By SUSAN DORRITT. Ill. ROGER DUVOISIN. *Abelard-Schuman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Eloise in Paris. By KAY THOMPSON. Ill. HILARY KNIGHT. *Max Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Madeline and the Bad Hat. By LUDWIG BEMELMANS. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Orlando's Magic Carpet. By KATHLEEN HALE. *Murray.* 5*s.*

Maria: a Victorian Poodlehood. By SUSAN BRIGDEN. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Story of Holly and Ivy. By RUMER GODDEN. Ill. ADRIENNE ADAMS. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Piruwayu and the Rainbow. By GILLES SAINT-CÉRÈRE. Ill. BETTINA. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sermons may often be absorbed more painlessly through pictures than through words. An example of how *not* to preach a message is provided by Grace Paull's *Some Day,* where blatant clashing colours serve to underline a complete confusion of logic in working out the commonplace theme: 'Blocks of stone', we are told, 'will one day become a beautiful church', and the audience has to accept this conclusion (highly debatable, on the evidence shown) as part of the concept of natural growth. *Wait Till Sunday* has something far less obvious to put forward, and does it with far greater subtlety. We are carried along by the vital, Dufyish illustrations telling how the butcher, the fisherman and the farmer spend their week longing for Sunday and then how they live through it when it comes.

I feel that the joke implicit in the drawings and text of *Eloise in Paris* and *Madeline and the Bad Hat* may possibly be enjoyed more by grown-ups reading aloud than by children listening. Here the line takes a sharp – sometimes even cruel – edge, appropriate to the exploits of Eloise the *enfant terrible* at loose in Paris, or muted slightly for the milder chronicle of Madeline (another little girl in Paris, and in rather false naive rhyme as well). These are cartoon exaggerations existing by virtue of a sophisticated humour and ingenious pencil.

However, according to an older tradition of make-believe there are always the animals who be-

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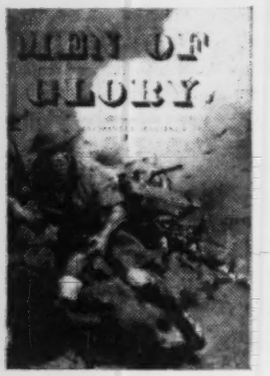

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have like most of us, only more so. Kathleen Hale's Orlando, a most human non-human, owes nothing to any model. Because he is unique in himself, an original, he stays consistently up to his own standard and we notice no falling-off in the quality of his adventures. This year he takes the family to the Middle East on the back of a magic Persian (carpet) called Fatima who wants to visit her relations. Line and colour harmonise as usual with the form of the story to produce that distinctive elegance we associate with the Marmalade Cat.

Yet the elegance must extend further than skin- or fur-deep. Susan Brigden, who like Kathleen Hale is the illustrator of her own narrative, makes *A Victorian Poodlehood* most attractive to open and begin examining, until we find the outlines a series of perpetual if extremely clever variations on the same fluffy chic curve, and the colouring a monotonous repetition of the fasionable tones of mushroom, pewter, cerulean. So the affair resolves into a set of agreeable period plates, and Maria the poodle never really has a chance to come alive either as a dog or a true fantasy.

That a restricted range of colour *can* be used to good effect, in fact to emphasise the point of the book, is shown by Rumer Godden's *Holly and Ivy* where at Christmas time the orphan girl with the green coat succeeds in finding the doll with the red dress who has been waiting for her in the toy-shop window. The pictures are shaded in, with simplicity and economy of means as though done by a child's few soft crayons, and match the delicate feeling of the story which steers with such assurance this side of the sentimental. Finally, in *Piruwayu and the Rainbow*, colour proves more than an adjunct: here the spectrum itself is the theme. Piruwayu the Red Indian boy hunter and his friend Chameleon set out to find a feather for each bar of the rainbow, so that when they have all seven there will be the finest possible headdress for Piruwayu. Magic plays a part, of course, as well as ordinary huntsman's cunning in the quest, and the chief instruments of any spell woven through the book are undoubtedly its illustrations, whether plain pen and wash or – literally – all the colours of the rainbow. A beautiful book, beautifully produced.

PHILIPPA DOWNES

Junior Round-Up

Music, Theatre, Ballet

Of nine books suitable for children on the more theatrical arts, *The Story of Music* by Benjamin Britten and Imogen Holst (Rathbone Books, 17s. 6d.) is the most generally virtuous. There is a lively selection of reproductions, from ancient Greek lyrists to a melancholy jazz figure by Matisse; there is a history of music with a certain amount of technical detail for initiates, but plenty of clearly expressed facts for those who will never understand the 'frequencies of equal tempered semitones'. The authors do not talk down to children, as do the majority of writers I have to deal with here. *The Theatre* by H. and R. Leacroft (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) is a book of the same character, though less gorgeous, being of a normal size and having no coloured pictures. It describes theatres from Greek to modern times, with explanations and illustrations of their structure and mechanical devices, giving a very intelligible idea of how the stage has developed.

Opera as a whole is covered by Lionel Salter's *Going to the Opera* (Penguin Books, 3s.). Here again is a lot of material, but the tone is so schoolmarmish that any decent child's gorge would rise. 'You will, I trust never be guilty of the objectionable habit of humming along with the orchestra . . .' and so on. For opera stories Gladys Davidson has two new books: *New Stories of Grand Opera* (Werner Laurie, 18s.) written in a rather fair-maiden-and-forsooth style, and *Opera Stories for Young People* (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) which a six-year-old can enjoy, though he would do well to avoid the feeble, fretful illustrations. Ballet is taken so seriously these days that there are vast numbers of bad books on the subject. Of the best I would recommend Gerald Severn's *Teach Your Child Ballet* (Heinemann, 6s.) for the enthusiast who wants to learn on her own. It gives an excellently uncomplicated series of exercises designed by Kniaseff to be performed on any floor: a *barre* in fact done in a horizontal position. This system has benefited Margot Fonteyn, as well as many other great dancers. *Swan Feather* by Lorna Mill (Evans, 10s. 6d.) is romantic ballet fiction of the most simple-hearted, expert, drivelling sort. I can revel in it like a school-girl for a time, but not for 190 pages. *World Ballet* edited by Arnold Haskell (Hulton, 12s. 6d.) is full of ballet tit-bits and adulation. There are photographs of budding ballerinas playing Red Indians, old prints and film stars on their toes; it is not a bad hotch-potch. Lastly is a book called *Clowns* by Douglas Newton (Harrap, 12s. 6d.), with amusing stories of Grimaldi, Grock and others.

A. F.

Mainly Scientific

The Junior True Books (Muller, 8s. 6d. each) from America teach science in the guise of bright picture-books for those who can only just read. The first three are *Science Experiments* (hydrostatics, magnetism and heat) by Illa Podendorf, *Air Around Us* (meteorology) by Margaret Friskey and *Toys at Work* (mechanics) by John Lewellen. *Introducing Man* by William and Helena Bullough (Methuen, 9s. 6d.) is for literate ten-year-olds and consists of a brief and not too difficult run through the history of man's origin, development and physiology. F. J. Speakman has packed a great deal of observation of the countryside into *The Young Naturalist's Year* (Bell, 12s. 6d.). This is for older and more tenacious readers, who should also be able to stomach the first-person-singular historic present for pages together. J. G. Crowther's *The Story of Agriculture* (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.) is bang up to date; his history of the progress of farming is forceful and enthralling and should succeed in persuading many intelligent boys that there is a worth-while career for them on the land.

The Young Man's Guide to Radio by W. J. Baker (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.) is not a manual on how to mend the wireless but another lucid history in the same series. It is concerned with the discovery of radio and the way it works, not with Broadcasting House. For an honest and unglamourised view inside sound and television studios as well as of outside broadcasts Rosemary Horstmann's well-illustrated *Radio and Television Programmes* (ESA, 8s. 6d.) can be recommended. *Telecommunications of the World* by E. F. Carter, (Muller, 9s. 6d.), is yet another well-compiled history that ranges from the Armada beacons (mapped in detail) through semaphore systems to the transatlantic cable. Gerald Leach's fascinating book on *The New Materials* (Phoenix, 9s. 6d.) deals in deceptively over-simplified language (how do you 'wrench' silicon atoms out of a rock?) with the latest exciting discoveries of new alloys and new plastics specially made to order by the metallurgists and organic chemists.

R. G.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Unclassifiable Image

'NOTHING is more educational in the end than the mode of being of other people.' This sentence, which occurs in Miss Murdoch's previous novel, *The Sandcastle,* is the key to her later fiction. That she is the foremost novelist of her generation seems evident by the intelligent wrangling that is already breaking out among her admirers as to which of her four books – or of her two manners, rather – is to be preferred. My own feeling is that, for all the wit, fantasy and intellectual elaboration of the first two, *The Sandcastle* marked an immense step forward in her art. In her new novel* she has consolidated her formal qualities while startlingly expanding her area of moral vision. At moments, one fears that the pressure of symbolism and incident upon the core of the book has become too great: surely the centre cannot hold? But Miss Murdoch's technique triumphs. The foreshortenings are resolved, the tragi-comic violences – here she is writing in the tradition of *Howards End* and *The Longest Journey* – are softened by death and departures. This Gloucestershire symphony dies away in a slamming of carriage doors and a blowing of whistles, as the members of Miss Murdoch's strange Anglican lay community pull out – each to practise his or her own mode of being within a fresh framework.

It is typical of this writer – and of the peculiar kind of contemporary society whose springs of action she lays bare for us so brilliantly – that each character's new framework remains institutional: Michael, the homosexual, the chivalrous dupe of his own ineffectual sublimations, goes back to teaching; Paul, Dora's egoistic, jealously sex-hot husband, returns (thank God!) to his work at the Courtauld Institute; Toby, the perplexed adolescent, departs for Oxford; James Tayper Pace, the community's hearty Savonarola ('perhaps after all there was something in James's theory that privacy has a tendency to corrupt') reassumes the burden of his work in the East End; the unsympathetic and all too likely Mark Straffords throw in their lot 'with a community of craftsmen who were attached to a monastery in Cumberland'; Catherine, the spoiled nun, lies cut off by insulin in a London clinic; Nick, her Asmodean brother, lies in a cross-roads coffin (his familiar, Murphy the terrier, is the earthly counterpart to Felicity's ghost-dog Liffey in *The Sandcastle*). Even Dora, the adorable vulgarian heroine, the only character who is quite unaffected by the community's ideals, and the only one whose nature has been quickened and deepened by the weird experiences she has undergone, attaches herself to an art school at Bath.

Though all of them except Nick have come through somehow, only Dora and the nuns – images of the natural and the supernatural life? – can be said to have positively gained. Dora has 'fed like a glutton upon the catastrophes at Imber' and they have 'increased her substance'. The nuns – despite journalists, scandals and a suicide, the Abbey's old bell being dredged up from the lake by Dora and Toby and its new bell falling into the lake at the induction ceremony – have maintained their peace. At Imber, history brings in its revenges. As Michael says, 'it's a just reversal of roles. . . . In the old days the Abbey used to be a curiosity in the grounds of the Court. Now the Court will be a curiosity in the grounds of the Abbey'.

As the reader can see, I am not attempting to rehearse the plot of Miss Murdoch's book. Nor, I think, is there much point in discussing the curious symbolism of the two bells – so much more baffling than the obvious sandcastle motif of Rain Carter's speech on p. 73 of the earlier book or the symbolism implicit in Rain's portrait of Demoyte, as delivered by that odd quasi-(or false?) angelic messenger Bledyard ('a painter can only paint what he is'). Personally, I believe that symbolism, except as a pointful adornment, seldom works in the novel. (There are exceptions, of course, but I doubt whether Miss Murdoch's books are among them.) Instead, it might be more profitable, for those who have not yet read these two books, to list and to analyse some of their peculiar excellencies and properties and to hazard a guess as to the theory of art, human nature and society that their author is working out in them.

First, as a way of filling in the background, I would place Miss Murdoch's strangely firm descriptive sense, her ability to enfold her characters in a shifting but constant density of weather, water, cloud, woodland and brick. In no contemporary writer are we so powerfully and so continuously aware of the scenery. Indeed, at times in *The Sandcastle,* the meticulously macadamised lanes and summer hedges that mark Mor's long, agonising bicycle rides from situation to situation became an almost physical handicap to reading the book. In *The Bell,* the scenery plays an equally obtrusive but an altogether more integral part in the action. Weeds and water, sunlight and long grass, make a perfect setting for Imber's noble but ill-starred design for living. To this gift I would add Miss Murdoch's delight in manual, manipulative description. She shares with Kipling a passion for primitive engineering (though, unlike Kipling, she makes no attempt to personalise the machinery). Readers of a practical turn who enjoyed Mor's attempt to disengage the back-axle of Rain Carter's Riley from the river bank, or the rescue of his son Donald from the school tower later in the book, will find the same satisfaction in the stresses and strains worked out by Toby, under Dora's inspiration, when recovering the ancient bell Gabriel with the aid of a tractor.

Next, there is Miss Murdoch's comedy – dry and acute, yet with a tenderness for human frailty that is rare among contemporary satirists. She is an amused connoisseur of the pure in heart – one remembers the Revvy Evvy in the previous book whose life, unlike most people's, lacked the 'bulge or recess in which they piled up their selfish acquisitions, their goods, their fame, their power' – and of the not-so-pure, the mere triers, such as Michael: 'Michael, who did not agree with Kant that feelings of affection cannot be demanded of us as a duty, did his best to like Mark, so far without conspicuous success'. (The presentation of Michael, and of the whole homosexual theme generally, is treated with an honesty and a subtle intelligence that would, in itself alone, make this a distinguished novel.) Unlike that other spirited and lethal chronicler of the communal life, Miss Mary McCarthy, Miss Murdoch never tries building up her characters merely in order to score off them. Her novel opens with a seven-page *tour-de-force* description of Paul's ardent courtship of Dora, of how this plump Renoirish peach of a Slade student with a passion for 'big multi-coloured skirts and jazz records' became attracted to the ardent superman thirteen years older than herself, how she married him and found no happiness in his friends, his chic cooking or his handsome Knightsbridge flat, how she left him the first time and why she is returning to him now. It is magnificent high comedy, perfectly sustained, perfectly credible, just dry enough to keep the reader titillated without ever lapsing into heartlessness. But, having set the stage, Miss Murdoch has no intention of continuing in this vein. Quickly she plunges us – and Dora – into the heart of Imber with its heap of hidden tensions and generous but broken resolves. The Abbey, the lake, Peter's bird traps, Toby's animal delight in nature, the green thoughts and green shades all come crowding in, closing over Dora, lengthening the shadows of her absurd skirts and sandals. In face of Paul's talent for making scenes, she grows with the landscape.

I see that Mr Betjeman (in the *Daily Telegraph*) has been nettled by the ecclesiastical arrangements at Imber. As he says, the Chaplain, Father Bob, though introduced at the beginning and perfunctorily mentioned throughout the book, is too little in pastoral evidence, while the Bishop, who appears for the bell ceremony, is no more than a rich caricature. While agreeing with these specific criticisms, I can't help feeling that the off-hand descriptions of religious ceremonial are right here, since we are seeing Imber and its ritual mainly through the eyes of pagan Dora. And after all, one of Miss Murdoch's allowable quirks as a writer is that, while she displays a rich interest in institutions, she insists on presenting them in her own individual and faintly Kafkaish terms; (the size of the public school in *The Sandcastle,* for instance, seemed to fluctuate violently from time to time throughout the book: we were told at the outset that St Bride's numbered three houses, yet in the crowd scenes it swelled to the size of St Paul's). In this book, the Abbess and the whole of her vatic domain beyond the lake have an Audenesque Shangri-La air about them. Dr Rudolf Otto has recently sought to equate the writings of Meister Eckhart with the teachings of Zen Buddhism, and I have a feeling that something of the same fusion occurs down at Imber, where *Koan* riddles are apt to get mixed with the Office responses. We should never forget that Miss Murdoch knows her Wittgenstein by heart – and that the laconisms of the *Tractatus* ('whereof one cannot speak, thereof one should

* *The Bell.* By IRIS MURDOCH. *Chatto & Windus.* 15s.

JTC

FITZROY MACLEAN
A PERSON FROM ENGLAND was the Rev. Joseph Wolff, who set out in 1843 to rescue two English colonels from the Ameer of Bokhara. He is only one of the nine 'wonderfully exotic' travellers to Turkestan (among them Sir Fitzroy himself) discussed in this 'extremely well-written and excellently illustrated' book. It has been described as 'polished and entertaining', 'light but in no way superficial', 'most remarkable' and 'compellingly interesting'. *Illustrated, 21s.*

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JONATHAN CAPE

keep silent') have much in common with the Master I-tuan's monastic inaugural: 'To talk is blaspheming, to remain silent is deception. Beyond silence and talking there is an upward passage, but my mouth is not wide enough to point it out to you'.

In her admirable and portentous essay on Sartre, Miss Murdoch writes of the Sartrean theory of the novel as giving a clue to Sartre's own virtues and limitations as a novelist. Taken another way, her remarks apply equally well to her own fiction. 'What Sartre requires from art,' she declares,

> is analysis, the setting of the world in order, the reduction to the intelligible, where the intelligible is something smooth and balanced. . . . But Sartre describes the artist's 'evil' as the irreducibility of man and the world of thought. Sartre has an impatience, which is fatal to a novelist proper, with the *stuff* of human life. He has, on the one hand, a lively interest, often slightly morbid, in the details of contemporary living, and on the other, a passionate desire to analyse, to build intellectually pleasing schemes and patterns. *But the feature which might enable these two talents to fuse into the work of a great novelist is absent, namely an apprehension of the absurd irreducible uniqueness of people and their relations with each other. Sartre seems blind to the function of prose, not as an activity or an analytic tool, but as creative of a complete and unclassifiable image.* [My italics.]

It is this rich ambiguity of moral vision exercised through charity, the result of her sense of the 'absurd irreducible uniqueness of people and of their relations with each other' that most distinguishes Miss Murdoch as a novelist. In her un-Sartrean and very contemporary English way, she is mistress of the unclassifiable image. Like Plato, she is an essentialist at heart: she believes in the essential human being that lies behind the accidents and attributes of every man and woman. Yet it is just because every human being is so unique and so different, that the moral imperatives of the Bledyards and Tayper Paces are so hard to apply, and that Zen aphorisms—'the truly religious man has nothing to do but to go on with his life as he finds it'—sometimes seem so pertinent.

JOHN RAYMOND

Conversation Piece

Recorded music opens, flowers and ends.
A plant with lines quite alien to the eye,
Entirely harmony and melody.
The room falls silent. Soon our friends
Begin to speak: their quiet voices nudge
And edge unhurriedly towards the thought
That feeds and dodges them, and then is caught
In touches soft as charcoal smudge.

The modest hold of words. Yet our septet
Makes also music, also spreads its flower.
Midnight spreads its twelve blooms from the tower.
Those friends go home, through the wet
Wind of the night, only me and you
Left in the house, ensemble exchanged for an
Unchanging barely heeded unison.
Quiet is speech and music too.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Act in Hope

World Without War. By J. D. BERNAL. *Routledge. 25s.*

There is a very moving passage towards the end of this important book. It reads:

> What we have lost, particularly in the old capitalist countries, and what really gives salt to life, is *purpose*. . . . We have almost forgotten the possibility of a real constructive purpose into which we can throw the whole of our energies and intelligences. When I think of myself, after nearly a full lifetime of scientific work, I still resent the fact that I have never had, at any time of my life, the possibility of really planning and doing things that would be practical and useful for humanity. The only time I could get my ideas translated in any way into action in the real world was in the service of war. And though it was a war which I felt then and still feel had to be won, its destructive character clouded and spoiled for me the real pleasure of being an effective human being.

That is a *ori de cœur* from one of the most remarkable men of the age. Bernal is, of course, a first-class scientist, but he has never had the artistic devotion to pure creative research that, say, Rutherford and Blackett have had, and his single-handed contribution is much less than theirs or the other great masters'. He is quite possibly, however, the greatest scholar of science alive. He has extreme physical, as well as moral, courage. Outside China and the USSR, he has been for a generation, along with Lukacs, the most subtle, complex and human of Marxist thinkers.

The sound of the word 'Marxist' nowadays gets in the way of rational discussion. Occasional remarks, phrases and incantations by Bernal himself in this book may also get in the way. I mention this deliberately, because it is essential that non-Marxists should preserve a little elementary self-control and intellectual discipline, and give the book the study and respect that it deserves. Let me go a little further, since this is a key document and I want to clear the air in advance. Bernal's is a splendid mind, but it has its faults. He is not always, and perhaps not by nature, as direct as most scientists. He is capable of writing as though explaining an unpleasant fact were the same as explaining it away. He has supreme powers of intellectual imagination, but also a slightly vitiating taste for fancy, and he doesn't always distinguish between the two. In the same way he doesn't always distinguish between plans and systems of co-ordination, and the job itself. He is not so suspicious of authority as he ought to be. He has never let himself plunge into the problems—which occupied a good many of us long before the Twentieth Congress—of power relations and the concentrations of power.

All that is true. And now may I, whom Soviet critics quite amiably call a 'bourgeois democrat', say something else that is true? I have not in my life met anyone who more passionately, or with more knowledge and imagination, wanted to be of some use to his brother men. By 'use' here, I don't mean anything pretentious—simply that he feels, with a force of emotion that most of us can only call on for our family and friends, that hundreds of millions of men could be saved from physical misery, from hunger and premature death, if only there were a minimum of sense, scientific thinking and good will. It is a suffering to him that he hasn't been able to help bring this about. That is why this book is his personal testament.

It doesn't, at a first glance, look like a personal testament, though. It is an analysis, equipped

with the latest statistical data, of the three major challenges before human beings. These are: (1) the danger of thermo-nuclear war; (2) the growing disparity in wealth (*i.e.*, in length of life, health and freedom from hunger) between the industrialised countries and the rest; (3) the increase of world population. The three challenges are interwoven, and it is upon the second that Bernal spends the full force of his mind. Unless we cope with this, then within a generation we are in for trouble – this is my gloss and not his – that will make the Russian revolution look like a tea-party. There are no conceivable circumstances, as a lot of us have been saying for some time, in which the world can peacefully exist half-privileged, and half-pauper. It just isn't on, as the Duke of Edinburgh said very usefully in Canada. Information gets round the world now: the Asians and Africans have seen that others are not hungry and dying before their time: they are not going to wait a hundred years before they get the same elemental things.

Bernal's case, argued with scientific deliberation, is that, granted a truce in the cold war, the whole human race could have these elemental needs fulfilled in quite a short time. That is, there is no technical reason why by the end of the century most Asians and Africans should not be living as most Western Europeans are now. There is only one way to do it – by the West helping in a gigantic world-wide industrialisation, making complete use of the scientific industrial revolution, *i.e.*, atomic energy and automation. Somehow or other this will be done, if not with good will and benevolence, then through wars and revolutions. It is only through industrialisation that the unprivileged, the poor of India and Africa, whose expectation of life is at this moment less than half of ours, can get hold of the primary needs of existence.

That statement is absolute. Industrialisation is now, as it has always been, the one hope of the poor. It is the failure to comprehend that insight which has made so much of our contemporary artistic culture false, unintellectual and in the long run anti-human. That is why I beg men like Richard Hoggart and Raymond Williams, who are trying to re-think what 'culture' should be, to read Bernal's book. *Of course*, there is a great deal wrong with industrial society as we now know it. The thing to do is to find ways to put that right, not dream ourselves into a myth of an eighteenth century which never existed. Except in lucky pockets, the social condition of men down to our own time does not bear much thinking of. That is still true with two-thirds of the world today.

About Bernal's major statement I have no doubt. I think he undervalues, sometimes seriously, the *inherent* difficulties in large-scale organisation. There are plenty of 'contradictions' which men just can't escape when they try to work together, even with the maximum of good will. Even in his most hopeful set of circumstances, the concentrations of power will not work out as he would like. But that is another set of problems to tackle, for which he would not be the right man. The important thing is, here is a book which is a statement and a challenge. It is not enough for his critics to say that it is unpractical. Is it so very practical to let Asians and Africans get hungrier and more inescapably envious than they are now?

Non-Marxist western thinkers are under an obligation to give him an answer to that question. I should like some of us, non-Marxists, to try to match Bernal in scientific imagination, brotherly charity and human concern. Those are better motives than fear. If we don't act out of them,

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we shall in due course be forced to act out of fear, for it is desirable to remember that the most dangerous possible combination is a high military technology plus a low standard of living. Russia, which possessed that combination in the last war, is now over the industrial hill. China isn't. Is it such a good idea to let two-thirds of the world stay that side of the hill?

C. P. SNOW

Desert Child

The Lost World of the Kalahari. By LAURENS VAN DER POST. *Hogarth.* 18*s.*

Ex Africa comes continually something very old and stubborn whose essence remains the same despite the various literary forms it uses as mask. Ex white Africa, that is; for I have not yet read work by a coloured writer from Africa which shows even a trace of a certain attitude towards the country itself, and which is the emotional impulse behind nearly all white writing.

It is a nostalgia, a hunger, a reaching out for something lost; hard to define but instantly recognisable in such very different books as those of Rider Haggard, *Trader Horn*, even *Jock of the Bushveld*; or the diaries of explorers like Baines and the younger Moffat, writers for utility but stricken by the same saving malady. Guilt, is it? The unease of those forced to divide themselves between two cultures and to pay allegiance to both? Whatever the cause, the result is there, and to be seen nowhere more clearly than in the work of Mr Van der Post. He is a liberal Afrikaner, who works most forthrightly against the racial attitudes of certain of his countrymen, and his detestation of these attitudes warms his prose.

But this book, like *Journey into the Interior*, is mainly valuable because of its conscious crystallisation of the white man's malaise, an unappeasable hunger for what is out of reach. All white-African literature is the literature of exile: not from Europe, but from Africa.

Mr Van der Post has fallen under the spell of persuasive Papa Jung. 'I thought finally that of all the nostalgias that haunt the human heart the greatest of them all, for me, is an everlasting longing to bring what is youngest home to what is oldest in us all.' Very easy for us exiles to succumb, bedevilled as we are by that 'nameless something' which ties our umbilical cords fast to the continent. It is a mystique very properly made fun of by Roy Campbell, who was nevertheless typical of us all in that, even while he put this nameless something firmly in its place for all time in his immortal ballad of Piet and Johnny, he still had to pay tribute to it – as in the verse that fronts this book:

> Pass world! I am the dreamer that remains;
> The man clear-cut against the last horizon.

No accident that the Jungians have found so much grist in the literary mills of Africa: vast spaces, hinterlands and the nameless can so easily be archetyped into sympathetic symbols. And I could wish Mr Van der Post treated the unconscious with a more sceptical respect: it is at least possible that our nostalgias could have more simple causes than he believes. But he has written a compelling book. Early in his childhood he became haunted by the story of the Bushmen, a people persecuted into extinction with cruelty and savagery equally by the whites and by the Bantu, leaving as record of their culture the magnificent rock-paintings that cover Southern and Central Africa.

Near-extinction: Mr Van der Post took an expedition to look for the few survivors and, after a romantic and dangerous journey found them in the depths of the desert: a handful of stone-age people whom he describes with respect and tenderness. This book is a record of the search; its near-failure due to the defection of a camera-man who found Africa too brutal; the discovery of the Bushmen, and the final sad leave-taking.

> . . . the child in me had become reconciled to the man. The desert could never be empty again. For there my aboriginal heart now had living kinsmen, and a home on which to turn. I got back into my Land-Rover. I drove over the crest and began the long, harsh journey back to our twentieth-century world beyond the timeless Kalahari blue.

An African once said to me that beyond all the white man's more obvious crimes in Africa there was the unforgivable one that 'even the best of you use Africa as a peg to hang your egos on'. To this charge Mr Van der Post is open. So are all the rest of us.

DORIS LESSING

More from the Horse's Mouth

A Painter of our Time. By JOHN BERGER. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

Always a didactic, Mr Berger believes that no convincing portrait of a painter has ever been done in fiction and, in this novel, attempts to give us one. We have only to compare the journal of Delacroix or the letters of Van Gogh with novels like Zola's *L'Oeuvre*, Maugham's portrait of Gauguin, or Joyce Cary's very funny sub-Turnerian rapscallion, to see Mr Berger's case. Gulley Jimpson's methods as a painter were sploshing and literary; he convinces merely as a picturesque Bohemian of his period, never as a serious artist. There is a fundamental hostility between the literary and the pictorial media. One can see this very plainly in Zola's novel – to my mind, by far the most conscientious attempt at the subject. Zola drew partly from close observation of Cézanne, but was unable to resist blending 'my own intimate life as a creative artist. . . . I shall also give him the wish to execute huge modern decorative works, frescoes giving a complete survey of our day and age', *i.e.*, novels by Zola, not pictures. The other difficulty is the romanticisation of the lives of painters; this was justified for a time in the nineteenth century when the belief that 'the artist' and 'the bourgeois' were two different people was an article of faith. It was later debased. Here Mr Berger is no less romantic than his predecessors, though in another way. His title, with its echo of Lermontov, is one clue. Another is his belief that the good artist now is not so much at odds with the bourgeois, as he is married to the Future, at present identified with the class struggle. Mr Berger is well-equipped as a painter and as an earnest, provocative and puritanic critic. As a satirical impression of the art world and an account of a painter's real technical preoccupations, the novel comes very close to the painter at work.

The work consists of the diaries of Janos Lavin, a Hungarian refugee Communist of the Bela Kun period, who fled to Berlin and, later, on to London in 1938. His marriage to an upper-class girl with a small private income gives him the conventional sacrificial victim from the bourgeoisie. We read a

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portion of his London diaries helped out by occasional comments from Mr Berger. Lavin is now 60, an intense, dedicated and prosaic man who looks earthy like a potato. He has the true painter's obsession. He has the ageing man's sadness and stoicism. He has the émigré's guilt; the Communist's agonies of conscience. His life-long friend in Hungary has just been executed. (The moral issue is jesuitically evaded by the argument that the British 'commit murder' – Cyprus, Malaya, etc. – and that the Communists, belonging to a higher morality, 'execute'.) Lavin, a killer himself, is torn between faith and doubt. Faith – if that is what it is – wins and Lavin disappears to Hungary and is probably shot – it hardly seems to matter on which side for the important thing is to be immersed and implicated. We must compare Lavin's disappearance with the death of Claude Lantier in front of his masterpiece in Zola's *L'Oeuvre*; both are stage suicides. Lavin speaks of petit bourgeois irrationalism; the charge rebounds. We may go on to think of Dr Zhivago's comment on his friend who gloried in having been re-educated in gaol. 'It was like listening to a circus horse describing how it broke itself in.'

It would be a nice point to decide whether Lavin went to Hungary because he was passionately a Hungarian, a refugee, as a Communist, as a painter losing faith in his art, as an impulsive human being living blindly in the present. He is really less interesting as 'a painter' than as 'a refugee, a lay figure who is in a state of anguished dialogue with his socialism. Here we meet Mr Berger debating intensely and often brilliantly with himself, often also in self-contradiction. Lavin, for example, mistrusts the view of Sir Gerald Banks, the civilised connoisseur, that the essence of the act of the artist is risk; but appears later to believe in the artist's mysterious autonomy. The account of Lavin's visit to Sir Gerald's house is a pleasant piece of comedy. This very well-written scene and the final one describing Lavin's successful show, indicate that Mr Berger has a gift for light satire, which the solemnity of the diary of Lavin has concealed. A diarist has the privilege of being God Almighty, but *did* the different visions of Delacroix, Cézanne, Van Gogh, etc., spring 'from the conviction that they each knew that life could be better, richer, juster, truer than it was'? *Is* it true that 'Every modern attempt to create a work of art is based on the desire (usually undeclared) to increase the value of the experience that gave rise to the work. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries such an increase in *value* must inevitably be counted in terms of human pleasure, truth or justice'? Always justice? A little later, Lavin makes a sharper self-judgment. 'Sentimental works are ones which have never really been begun, which embody only the hope instead of the discovery'. Still later in the struggle, Lavin argues with his old Marxist teachers and says 'we have made a profound mistake whenever we have used our Marxism to make an arbitrary division between art that is for us (progressive art) and art which is against us (decadent art)'. There is only good or bad – but 'we' understand the difference better than the 'bourgeois'(!) Do not ask for Socialist art to be judged by Socialist standards. 'The standards will be untrue and opportunist. Instead, turn artists into Communists'. All the same: 'I cannot, as an artist, work by the light of an historical principle. I must work by the light of my senses – here and now. For an artist there is no such thing as a period of transition. *He faces his subject as if it were timeless.* How much has been lost by this simple fact not being understood? Even in a period of transition men grow old and die and

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HEINEMANN

children are born. The politician can sometimes forget this. I, never'. All this is at Mr Berger's infuriating best. It is an encumbered, pugnacious, one-track best, ingeniously argued; full of sound, simple things as well as the well-known dogmatisings which, since *Dr Zhivago*, have finally lost their spell.

By presenting Lavin to us mainly through his diaries, Mr Berger protects Lavin and enhances his sincerity. The fidelity to the painter's temperament is perhaps glum but unmistakable and loving. If Lavin's arguments are often crude, his dilemma as an émigré is perfectly understood and felt. But the true task of the novelist is to expose and the weakness of the portrait springs from the excessive convenience of the diaries: they induce an uncritical, incurious and unimaginative view of character and deny Lavin life as a figure in the round. It is a judgment on the method that one comes with relief on Mr Berger's own brief interventions in the book.

V. S. PRITCHETT

How to Succeed as a Writer

Points of View. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Steps. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

If you buy those books of threepenny postage-stamps, so as to keep the stamped addressed envelopes to editors moving briskly, you may have noticed, on the last page, when the last stamp has gone (and come back again), a message of hope. 'Write for Profit', it says. 'If you have a ready pen, you too, etc. Send today for a free copy of "How To Succeed as a Writer".' Another way would be to buy and read these two books. Two masters of the art of letters, from two different generations, will show you how to write – most certainly for Profit – poems, essays, talks, reviews, short stories, biographical studies, autobiographical reminiscence, historical and mythological research, and literary criticism by two well-accepted methods. The variety of subjects, too, would suit every taste and has already suited many editors: from Indian asceticism to the worldly Goncourts, from Goethe to Ava Gardner.

Seniores priores – and you can't go back much further than Mr Maugham; not a poet, it's true, but everything else, and a more aloof figure on Olympus than Mr Graves on Parnassus.

> The capacity and opportunity of doing greater good is the specious pretence under which ambition is wont to cover the eager desire of power and greatness. If it be said (which is the most spiteful thing that can be said) that some ambition is necessary to vindicate a man from being a fool: to this I think it may be fairly answered, and without offence, that there may perhaps be as much ambition in declining greatness as in courting it; only it is of a more unusual kind, and the example of it is less dangerous because it is not likely to be contagious.

Who else writes with that kind of authority, that cold smile? The answer (I was cheating) is Somerset Maugham: the above passage is quoted admiringly by Maugham from Archbishop Tillotson as an example of the 'plain style'. According to Mr Maugham, who has a curious way of criticising English as if it were dead, there are only two ways of writing prose: the plain style, the better way, the way he writes it; and the ornate style. I don't believe it. If Pater doesn't wear well, it isn't because he wrote in the ornate style but because what he wrote doesn't interest us. Maugham himself, for all his theories, is the last of the mandarins: he writes 'seated himself' for 'sat', 'requested' for 'asked', and generally favours ceremonial circumlocutions like 'our neighbours across the Channel' or 'I have hazarded the suggestion that . . .' His whole literary personality is a sustained and elaborate pose, a full-dress Edwardian affair, never relaxed.

Never? Not quite. This book begins with an essay on the novels of the poet Goethe, the most repellent of the great men of European letters. It did not make me want to read Goethe's novels but I was glad I read the essay because of the last sentence: 'what makes old age hard to bear is not the failing of one's faculties, mental and physical, but the burden of one's memories.' That seems to me genuinely felt and (therefore) finely expressed. There is another good resonant passage, about the writer's life, on page 176. But for most of the book the mask stays on. The best essay in it deals with the life of an Indian saint. The literary pieces, when they are not grinding the 'plain style' axe, mainly consist of the old-fashioned kind of exposition-cum-biography, though the disquisition (yes, that's the word) on the short story does contain a sympathetic analysis of Katherine Mansfield. Mr Maugham is right about her: she deserves not to be forgotten even though the late Middleton Murry did rather ram her down everybody's throat.

One generation nearer – somewhere between *enfant terrible* and G.O.M. – stands (and long may he stand just there) Robert Graves, full of life and sense, and writing bang at the top of his form. I still find Graves the antiquary a bit tedious. The White Goddess is a terrific idea; it is the documentation – all those tree-poems and Welsh riddles – that bogs me down. But his theory of how Claudius died – which depends on the fact that the Greek word *colocynthos* means a kind of poisonous mushroom as well as a pumpkin – seems highly convincing. The humorous autobiographical sketches of life in Majorca show Graves the raconteur in very good form. The literary criticism is as uncompromising as ever. There is a considered attack on Herbert Read: two of Wordsworth's poems are pulled to bits (Graves started doing practical criticism before Empson and does it in a more down-to-earth manner by calling the author's bluff). As for the poems, there is nothing to be said about them here except that they are very good.

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A Cobweb at Windsor

Love and the Princess. By LUCILLE IREMONGER. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Princess Sophia, fifth daughter of George III, never married. But she bore a son. This much is certain. Beyond, all is mystery. Did she make a clandestine marriage? Who was the father – an equerry, a court servant, or her own brother? The question can be asked; the possible answers can be reviewed. But at the end all is uncertain. Sophia's story remains, in Mrs Iremonger's words, 'a cobweb, but a cobweb firmly attached to the rafters of history'. Mrs Iremonger is becoming expert in exploring these by-ways. Her last book laid the ghosts of Versailles, reputedly seen by two academic ladies. Her new book raises the ghost of Windsor: Tommy Garth, Sophia's disreputable offspring. The story is told with careful scholarship (except for the terrible mistake on page 148 of supposing that Louis Philippe became Louis XVIII). More important, it is told with sympathy and understanding. We learn a great deal about Hanoverian royalty and about human nature in general, even though we do not learn the answers to the specific mystery. Indeed Mrs Iremonger ends by adroitly snatching away such half-formed answers as she seemed to be reaching.

The central figure of the story is not Sophia but her father, George III: over-sexed like all the Hanoverians, but unlike the others conscientious and repressed. He barred the way not only against his own passions, but against those of his offspring. The Royal Marriages Act which he promoted in 1772 made it impossible for them to marry without his consent; and any attempt to seek this consent was prevented by the fear that it would drive him mad. The sons broke away in one disreputable way or another; the six daughters were chained to celibacy by a lunatic father. Mrs Iremonger draws their sad fate, the better to understand Sophia's own. All this is convincing and adequate. But with Sophia herself we are still short of facts. Yet Tommy Garth certainly existed; and, almost as certainly, believed that the Duke of Cumberland was his father. Mrs Iremonger does not like this conclusion; and decides, on somewhat shaky ground, that it was a Whig slander. My own feeling is the other way. It accords with his character and, for that matter, with Sophia's innocence. General Garth, a court-equerry, adopted the boy and may even have married Sophia unofficially; but it seems unlikely that he was more than a respectable cover. However, it does not greatly matter. The only firm conclusion is that the Hanoverians were a bad lot; it is extraordinary that the English people put up with them.

As additional pleasure, this delightful book offers an appendix by Mr C. d'O. Farran, ingeniously

demonstrating that the Royal Marriages Act, if strictly interpreted, now only applies to Captain Alexander Ramsay, who is seventieth in the line of Succession. To such follies, and such tragedies as Sophia's, does royalty lead.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Children's Miscellany

Picture-books reprinted include William Nicholson's *Clever Bill* (Faber, 10s. 6d.), and two of Kathleen Hale's Orlando books: *A Trip Abroad* and *His Silver Wedding* (Country Life, 8s. 6d. each). There is a *Songs of Innocence* with decorations by Harold Jones (Faber, 10s. 6d.), a *Child's Garden of Verses* with wood-engravings by Joan Hassall (Blackie, 8s. 6d.), a *Christmas Carol* illustrated by Maraja (W. H. Allen, 15s.), and de la Mare's version of *The Story of Joseph* has been published with illustrations by Ardizzone (Faber, 9s. 6d.). Among the story books reprinted are Henty's *Redskin and Cowboy* and *With Wolfe in Canada* (Blackie, 7s. 6d. each), *Moorland Mousie* (Country Life, 10s. 6d.), Elizabeth Enright's *Thimble Summer* (Heinemann, 11s. 6d.) and Bruce Carter's *Perilous Descent* (Penguin Books, 3s.): and among the collections are H. L. Gee's *Story Book for Boys and Girls* (Epworth Press, 8s. 6d.) and *In and Out of School*, stories chosen by Anthony Buckeridge (Faber, 15s.).

Roger Lancelyn Green has retold *Tales of Greek Heroes* and *The Tale of Troy* (Penguin Books, 3s. each), and George P. Kerr has made an abridged translation of the *Odyssey* which has illustrations by John Verney (Warne, 9s. 6d.). Helen and William McAlpine have collected *Japanese Tales and Legends* (Oxford, 15s.), Roger Duvoisin has retold *Fairy Tales from Switzerland* (Muller, 12s. 6d.), Barbara Leonie Picard has done the same for *German Hero-Sagas and Folk-Tales* (Oxford, 15s.), while Maurice and Pamela Michael have selected *German Fairy Tales* other than the Grimms's (Muller, 12s. 6d.). There are eight French-Canadian fairy tales in *The Golden Phœnix* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.), and thirty-four from Cornwall in Ruth Manning-Sanders's *Peter and the Piskies* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.). A. H. Watson has made a new collection of *Nursery Rhymes* for Dents (12s. 6d.).

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Report

Admittedly this was something of a poser, calling for a neat merging of two distinctive literary urban mediums. In fact, I was surprised at the number of competitors who caught on so nimbly – and who showed such an equal and catholic appreciation of *The Unquiet Grave* and the Grossmiths' masterpiece. I'm afraid that one promising batch had to be disqualified immediately through getting off on the wrong foot and equating the rhythms of Palinurus's *luxe, calme et volupté* with mere ungracious living. A guinea and a half to Russell Edwards and J. R. Till; and a guinea each to R. A. McKenzie and J. A. Lindon. Runners-up: D. L. L. Clarke, Guy Kendall, John Digby and Gloria Prince.

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RIDER

promoted helmsman with an increase in salary of four obols! I was too overcome to express. . . .

Dog watch again. Sometimes I wonder if these new responsibilities . . . .

. . . asked respectfully, during the dog watch, when I might expect my pay, since Carriana is anxious. Mr Aeneas guffawed and replied, 'At the Greek Kalends!' I laughed tactfully, of course, but felt his jesting in rather bad taste, in view of our work.

. . . in the dog watch told quite the best joke I have ever made. I asked, 'When is a maiden passing fair?' to which the reply was 'When she's Dido (dyed-oh!)' Ascanius laughed till his sides ached, when I had explained. . . .

Dog watch again. Too tired to write much; but I shall certainly drop in to see. . . .

RUSSELL EDWARDS

After putting our new *Who's Who* between Horace and the Tao tê Ching, I sent for Caroline. To my surprise, Lupin appeared instead. Looking embarrassingly healthy and dismally happy in pullover and jeans, he said he had arranged for me to go out on Wednesday morning and meet our new neighbours, the Angst-Lemurs. I told him that although the name had all the grace of a Mediterranean wombpocket, the A-Ls were probably well-adjusted vulgarians who went on conducted tours of Europe and boasted of their illustrious acquaintances. Besides, on Wednesday morning I had an appointment with the Minister.

I then suggested that Lupin might try to instil some sense of melody into the elder Angst-Lemur girl—an excruciatingly freckled, gawky young woman who plays the recorder. Lupin smiled like the Virgilian faun I had once hoped he might become. He said, 'We're getting married on Wednesday morning.'

J. R. TILL

I said to Carri: 'I don't think we can do better than "Good old Monte"'. Carri, for the first time, objected that only the vulgar still patronised the Riviera. She said that the really Top People now went to a lamasery in Tibet, but I told her not to be a fool. Carri flared up at this and said she had it on the authority of the Jampana of Suttee. That is the woman who was responsible for Carri's buying those monstrous coconut-matting boots. She must be completely insane.

Lunched at the Ritz with the Burwin-Fosseltons and, surprisingly, a Krupps tycoon. All shop, might as well have gone to an ironmonger's. (I must remember that!) On my return, Carri said she had decided on Cannes after all and had phoned to reconfirm our cancelled usual suite at the Carlton.

No assistant mastership for Loofah at Cheam.

R. A. MCKENZIE

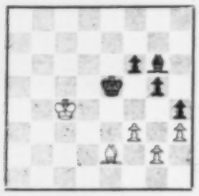
Definitely dislike Carée's new Balenciaga creation, but have decided to say nothing about it. Prune arrived midday, having given up his position at the Ministry of Supply; it seems his continued absence has excited unfavourable comment. But who can have turned up to notice, I wonder? Hardly old Fuddles! Well, he will have more time for the Pytchley Hunt. Gowing-Gowing Gonne dropped a cool monkey on yesterday's polo: I was astounded. At luncheon no iced vodka with the caviar and Prune so far forgetting himself as to speak disparagingly of the Queen; I cannot think what the boy is coming to. This new craze for the Hula Hoop is utterly silly. When I asked Carée if she really needed a bright yellow one five feet across, she said that Lady Jeamis had one twice as large. Absurd! I positively refuse to go beyond my present three-footer.

J. A. LINDON

The Chess Board

No. 470. He Won the Wrong Way

'So what?' Frank Marshall would retort if he were still alive, 'I won it, didn't I?' He certainly did win that game against Teichmann on 27 February 1911, in the first of the two famous San Sebastian tournaments, and ever since, its ending has been considered an object lesson on how, with P-equality on one side of the board, the advantage of the 'good' B against the 'bad' one (i.e., the one hampered by or tied to the pawns) should be exploited. No doubt that Black here has the 'good' B; and no doubt either that Marshall's (1) . . . B-B2 ch wisely scotched any counter-chances the White K might have had when allowed to march up to e6. The sequel was (2) K-Q3, K-B5; (3) B-B1, K-Kt6; (4) K-K3, B-Q4; (5) K-K2, P-B4; (6) K-K3, N-K3! [Neither . . . P-Kt5 nor . . . P-B5 would suffice for a win]; (7) K-K2, P-Kt5; (8) RP x P??. Here Teichmann went astray, and so did the book of the tournament (and many other commentators) in claiming that (8) BP x P would have lost just as well. It wouldn't, for in a recent throrough analysis of the ending both Euwe and Averbach have ascertained that White could draw by (8) BP x P!, P x P; (9) K-K3! (P x P?), P x P; (10) P x P, B-Q2; (11) K-K2, B-Kt4 ch; (12) K-K1, B-B3; (13) K-K2, etc. In the actual game there followed (8) . . . P x P; (9) K-K3 (best), B-Q2??



Now here it was Marshall who blundered and should have forfeited the win which he could have rightfully secured by . . . P x P; (10) P x P, B-Q2 etc. The actual sequel was (10) P x P! (K-K2?), B x P; (11) K-K4??, B-B1!!; (12) K-K3, B-Q2, and Teichmann resigned because he had no resource against . . . B-B3. His final blunder, as Averbach found out 47 years *post festum* (or rather, *post erratum*) was the 11th move when the game could still be saved for White by B-R6!, followed by B-Kt7, and even though White has given up his KtP, the Black RP will never pass. Having proved that Marshall's win was achieved because of (and in spite of) mistakes on both sides, Averbach found the diagram-position to be a proper win for Black so long as he adhered to the simple idea of denying the White K access to the K-wing. (1) . . . B-Kt8!!; (2) B-Q3, B-R7 ch.; (3) K-B5, P-B4!; (4) B-B1, B-B2! (B-Kt6?); (5) K-B6, B-Kt6 [Now this doesn't cost the tempo of a K-attack]; (6) K-B5, K-B5; (7) K-Q4, K-Kt6; (8) K-K3, B-Q8!; (9) K-Q2, K-B7!; (10) B-Q3, B-R5; (11) B x P, K x P; (12) K-K3, K-Kt6, followed by . . . B-Kt7-B8 etc.

A: R. Teichmann 1920

In fairness to the succ er of this story the 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Teichmann (White) made no mistake in grasping speedy triumph. **B**, a win, and **C**, a draw (for 6 and 7 ladder points) are not too easy, I hope, and very pretty. Usual prizes. Entries by 24 November.

B: Sobolevski 1951

C: A. Gurvitch 1929

REPORT on No. 467. Set 25 October

A: (14) B-KB6!!, Q x B; (15) KR-K1 ch, B-K2; (16) B x Kt ch, K-B1 (best); (17) Q-Q8 ch, B x Q; (18) R-K8 mate.

B: (1) R-R7, R-K1; (2) P-Q7, R-K2; (3) P-Q6 etc. if (1) . . . R-R2; (2) P x P etc.

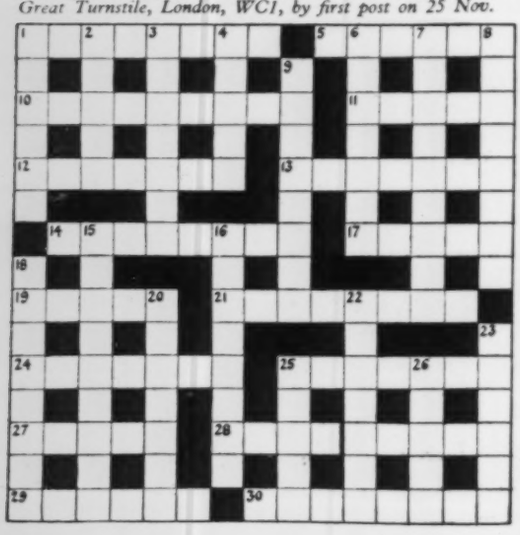
C: (1) R-R5 ch, K-B3 (best); (2) B-R5! (B-K5 ch?), P-Kt7; (3) B-B3 ch, K-B2 (best); (4) R-B5 ch, K-K1 (best); (5) B-Kt7!, P-K3; (6) R-B8 ch!, K-K2; (7) B x P!! etc.

Quite a few stumped by **C**; even so, many correct solutions. Prizes: K. Beaumont, S. N. Collings, D. J. F. Ewing, L. G. Kennion, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 329

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 329, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 25 Nov.



ACROSS

1. A policeman disperses the danger ahead of me (8).
5. A.H.H. (6).
10. Yorkshire waters in London? (9).
11. Shelter with a welcome inside (5).
12. Largely an appeal to poetry, but not in this country (7).
13. A girl follows most of the crowd in giving a word of praise (7).
14. If the monkey were removed the provision for maintenance would make father complain (8).
17. The sound of the organ (5).
19. Star which appears in a wide nebula (5).
21. The nymph is like this in space (8).
24. Inarticulateness of a famous writer on the East (7).
25. Money that is for the club (7).
27. Foreign study (5).
28. The old engine provides two articles for the laundry (4, 5).
29. The voice to multiply (6).
30. There is danger in the swift preparation of medicines (8).

DOWN

1. Ape a historian (6).
2. Chemical which is inert transformed (5).
3. This complaint puts spirit into a large part of the world (7).
4. Service with a master (5).
6. Without pain the American politician would become a child (7).
7. Seven lots may furnish homes for newly-weds (9).
8. People are a match for each other intellectually (8).
9. Money on the pool provides material (8).
15. A roof over one's head although employment is beneath the writer (9).
16. A reformed Asia bans military advance (8).
18. Near finished with a little bit of money (8).
20. Biographer who makes the smell grow (7).
22. Get information about the plant (7).
23. Put it in this plant for speed (6).
25. Put this stall by for a new peer (5).
26. Art is seen as a fine streak (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 327

M	I	L	K	S	O	P		C	A	R	A	M	E	L
U		E		A		A		U		U		A		U
S	H	E	L	L	E	Y		F	I	N	E	L	E	G
I		W		A		M		F		A		A		G
C	M	A	I	R	M	A	N	E	G	E	R	I	A	
A		R		Y		S		D		A		I		G
L	I	D	O		S	T	R	I	P	T	E	A	S	E
				S		E		S		E				
C	O	A	C	H	T	R	I	P	S		S	C	U	M
A		R		E		S		I		L		M		O
S	E	T	T	L	E		F	R	E	E	T	O	W	N
C		I		L		E		I		V		L		I
A	U	C	T	I	O	N		T	H	E	S	E	U	S
D		L		N		I		E		R		R		T
E	M	E	R	G	E	D		D	I	S	M	A	Y	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 327

R. Cooper (London, W10)
Mrs E. M. Rhys (Enfield)
W. C. Norbury (Liverpool)

City Lights

Dream Houses

The government's mortgages-for-all scheme is very much what it was expected to be; unlike the pensions scheme, it will probably achieve the object for which it is ostensibly designed. While the gentlemen of Westminster are wondering whether it is a good idea (electorally speaking, of course) to instil a sense of responsibility into the workers by tempting them to buy houses they may not be able to afford, the City is feeling a little uneasy about the wisdom of handing over large sums of government money – with the power which large sums of money automatically carry with them – to persons as immune from the normal checks and balances as those who control our building societies. Many people, though not the building societies, would have preferred to make binding on local authorities the use of the powers which they already possess.

Many others, of course, are wondering what effect the new proposals will have on the capital value of old houses and on the prosperity of the building industry. By insisting that societies who take government money should offer 95 per cent. mortgages on pre-1919 houses and terms at least as favourable on 1919-40 houses, the government is going a long way towards shaking the movement out of the excessive caution which has made nonsense of its principle of mutuality. But, when total funds are short, or when the property is not to the surveyor's taste, there will still be plenty of room for manoeuvre in the adjustment of valuations and of standards of credit-worthiness. By offering to lend money to the movement at a rate of interest ½ per cent. below the mortgage rate recommended by the Building Societies Association, the government is forcing the individual societies to toe the common line. The Halifax, for example, the largest society in the movement, prefers to remain outside the Association and proposes to charge only 5½ per cent. from December onwards against the Association's recommendation of six per cent.; since it cannot afford to borrow at 5½ per cent. and re-lend at the same rate, it will have either to opt out of the new scheme or revise its plans. Eventually, no doubt, it will come into line with the rest; the weakening of competition implicit in the government's scheme will not necessarily serve the public interest. The willingness of the government to let the Association determine the rate of interest at which its members can draw on the Exchequer will, moreover, lead to all sorts of minor absurdities. In the past, for example, the recommended mortgage rate has depended largely on the extent to which societies' funds have been affected by the competition of National Savings. In future, the more the government attempts to stimulate the flow of savings, the more it will have to charge building societies; one price will always be chasing the other, with the government always losing on the exchange.

The pressure towards conformity inside the movement will be further increased by the proposal to confer trustee status on the deposits of societies which reach a minimum standard of financial soundness. But this proposal will also tend to widen the distance between the large, established societies and their younger rivals, while leaving the privateers free to ignore the carrot and attract the money they need for their own purposes by offering higher interest rates to a gullible public: no carrot can be a complete substitute for a stick. This carrot, moreover, may turn out to be an expensive one. The societies have been lending around £50m. on the type of house covered by the government's proposals. The government's bill may be very considerably larger – a fact, coming on top of the proposal to finance from the Exchequer an increase in the development plans of the nationalised industries and new types of loan to the Commonwealth, which is not unconnected with the persistent muttering about inflation and the weakness of the gilt-edged market.

* * *

Two final points, the first about trustee status. Trustees are allowed by law to invest trust funds only in a limited class of securities unless the terms of the trust give them specific authority to do otherwise, and their task is legally so precarious that most of them are glad of the protection which an approved list provides. The trouble is that the list is completely obsolete: invest in fixed-interest stocks in a period of inflation and you may help the government with its finances, but the income of the tenant-for-life falls behind the cost of living and the remainder-man loses most of his capital. Trustee status is now a privilege as obsolete and as profitable as any sinecure and the government appears to be treating it as such, parergally awarding it first to local authority mortgages and now to building society deposits. It would be far preferable to overhaul the law systematically, perhaps along the lines recommended by the Nathan Committee six years ago. The second point is that the offer of government help in exchange for the adoption of a professional code of conduct is an interesting precedent.

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Company Meeting

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High Liquidity

The annual general meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield Limited, will be held on 9 Dec. in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement by the chairman, Sir Leonard Paton, for the year to 30 June, 1958:—

The Group Profits for the year, after charging £648,825 for taxation, amounted to £539,912. Adding the amount brought forward from last year, £477,344, makes the balance available £1,017,256, which it is proposed to appropriate as follows: General Reserve £332,812. Dividends of the Parent Company (less tax) paid and proposed £231,610, totalling £564,422, and leaving to be carried forward £452,834.

The directors recommend a final dividend of 10% on the Deferred Ordinary Stock, repeating last year's total of 15% for the year. In addition the directors recommend the payment of a Special Jubilee Bonus of 2½% on the Deferred Ordinary Stock to mark the fiftieth year since the company was incorporated.

Further to commemorate the occasion, the directors have formed a Fund to be named The Miller-Peake Jubilee Fund, and have transferred to it the sum of £37,500, which is the equivalent of the Jubilee Bonus. The Fund will be used at the Board's discretion for the benefit of the Staff throughout the Group.

Group Trading Profits

Although profits after tax are little short of the previous year, the Group trading profit shows quite a substantial fall. Our growing activities outside the East yielded increased profits, but the increase was inadequate to compensate for less favourable results in Eastern territories.

It is not possible for a Trading Company to insulate itself against the political and economic hazards of the territories where it operates, and, in common with others, we have had to face, inter alia, the reduction in buying power due to lower prices of primary commodities, increased Government restrictions in order to adjust national trade balances, serious and prolonged dislocation of the Ceylon market owing to racial and labour troubles, with consequent interruption of shipping opportunities. Expenses everywhere show an upward trend.

The business remains highly liquid. Net Current Assets at 30 June, were £6,382,000. Reserves and Undistributed Profits totalled £4,654,000.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: Full credit is due to Mr J. W. McDonald, the Chairman, and his colleagues for a successful year's trading by Harrisons Ramsay Pty. Ltd. Turnover has increased and profits are a record. New Zealand offices have faced more severe restrictions on imports and have done well to maintain profits.

U.S.A.: Our American partners, Irwin-Harrisons-Whitney, Inc., under Mr Pierson Irwin's stimulating direction, continues to take a leading part in the tea trade in America, with satisfactory results. Mr P. C. Irwin, Jnr, Vice-President of the Company, is this year's President of the Tea Association of the U.S.A.

CANADA: Harrisons & Crosfield (Canada) Ltd, continues to expand its business with Canadian manufacturers, furnishing supplies of raw materials drawn mainly from the U.K., Europe, and the U.S.A. Notwithstanding the recession on the North American Continent, the company has again increased its turnover.

Tea and Rubber

TEA: Unless there is some major upset, it appears unlikely that any marked change may be anticipated from the average price levels which have ruled during the past year, a prospect far from reassuring to many plantation companies in India and Ceylon.

RUBBER: Many present factors are advantageous to the rubber industry. There may be set-backs, but the general price tone is firm. Consumption of natural latex has been reasonably maintained in most countries apart from the U.S.A. and prospects are not unpromising.

Industrial Raw Materials

In association with an industrial partner, and with offices in London, Manchester, Newcastle, and Glasgow, we have since the war built up a substantial business in the manufacture and sale in the U.K. and for export of raw materials for the rubber, paint, textile, ceramic and other industries. Facilities are available for kindred lines either for manufacture or distribution, or both, and finance can be found to back any acceptable proposition. This may be of special interest to manufacturers seeking to strengthen their competitive capacity in face of the new pattern of European trade now gradually emerging.

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a child's confidence and, from knowledge so gained, advise on his future? Such a man is wanted as Housefather at Langley House, London, E14, for observation and assessment of deprived children and to act as deputy of Superintendent. Child-care experience, preferably residential, essential. Salary £505 to £577 10s. (If you have a wife, she will be an Assistant Housemother at £437 10s. to £512 10s.). Deduction of £128 8s. for board, etc., £25 allowance for Home Office Certificate. No accommodation for family. Apply Children's Officer, CH/NEDO/2070, LCC, County Hall, SE1.

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

The St Nicholas Hospital management Committee invite applications for the post of Senior Clinical Psychologist at St Nicholas Hospital, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne 3. This is a new post and the person appointed will be expected to organise and maintain a full psychological service for this Hospital and its associated out-patient clinics. Opportunities for research may be available. Salary scale – £1,050 rising to £1,445 per annum. National Health Service Whitley Councils conditions of service, National Health Service Superannuation scheme.

Applications, stating full particulars, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary, St Nicholas Hospital, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne 3.

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But quite a lot of
Those we wot of
Have got
Somewhat
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YOUTH Hostels Association require Assistant Surveyor, to help in survey, maintenance and adaptation of hostel buildings. Commencing salary from £650 according to age and experience. Particulars and application form from National Secretary, YHA, St Albans. Closing date 17 Dec. 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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BBC requires Science Correspondent in News Division to gather and prepare news of scientific and technical interest in a form suitable for use in news bulletins. Will broadcast brief reports and talks suitable for the ordinary listener in newsreels and other topical programmes in Sound and Television, and will be required to conduct interviews. Will work to Head of News Talks in co-operation with the Corporation's science producers. Candidates should be science graduates with first class journalistic ability. News sense and a flair for brief, simple exposition essential. Candidates who reach the final short-list will undergo screen and microphone tests. Salary £1,725 rising by seven annual increments to £2,345 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.872 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the non-resident post of Staff Tutor at Holly Royde Residential College, with the salary and status of Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scale per annum: £700 × £50 to £850. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in History, Social Studies, or English (with interests in social-economic matters). Applications should be sent not later than 22 November, 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BBC requires Assistant in Religious Broadcasting Department. Duties will include planning and production of Religious services, and programmes in Home Service, Light Programme and Network Three. Ordination to Anglican ministry essential. Candidates should have good theological training and be ready to work with members of other denominations. Knowledge of church music useful. Age preferably between 28-40. Based in London. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.873, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Sub-Editors for its domestic News Service. Recruitment will be to the central newsroom from which promotion is possible in competition into all journalistic posts serving both Sound and Television, up to the highest editorial grades. Candidates must have journalistic experience, preferably as sub-editors. Work involves day and night shifts. Salary as Sub-Editor, £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Posts are pensionable after qualifying period. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.866 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MINISTRY of Supply Research and Development Establishments, mainly in southern half of England, require (a) Senior Scientific Officers (min. age 26) and (b) Scientific Officers for work in physics, electronics, electrical or mechanical engineering, applied mathematics, aerodynamics, chemistry or metallurgy. 1st or 2nd class hons. degree or equiv. required and for SSO at least 3 years' post-graduate experience. Starting salary in range (a) £1,130 – £1,330, (b) £595 – £1,050 (male, in provinces). Rates for women reaching equality in 1961. Superannuation under FSSU. Opportunity for those under 32 to compete for established posts. Candidates should indicate fields of work in which interested. At National Gas Turbine Establishment, Pyestock, Hants., houses available for letting to married staff, and opportunities for new graduates to have workshop training. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register K, 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quote A.300/8A).

LONDON County Council. Inspector of Physical Education (man) required to organise, inspect and advise upon physical education in various types of educational establishments. Salary £1,000 × £50—£1,550. Commencing salary above the minimum if appropriate. Application forms with full details from the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/F), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 26 November, 1958. (2206.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Technical Assistant in the Department of Pathology. Applications are invited for the post of Second Grade Technical Assistant in the Department of Pathology. The duties will be in the workshop and concerned with the maintenance and manufacture of small laboratory equipment in perspex, wood and metal. The salary scale is £550 × £50 – £750 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications, with copies of testimonials, should state age, qualifications and experience and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) by 15 December 1958. A third copy should be sent by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

BBC requires News Assistant (Sport) in Birmingham to be responsible to Regional News Editor for organising and producing sports news programmes and for initiating contributions to Midland and National News bulletins and other BBC services in Sound and Vision. Must have proved journalistic ability. Expected to take a keen interest in all fields of sport and to have sound working knowledge of the major sports. Broadcasting experience an asset. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.874 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Statistics. Salary scale £700-£850 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 1 December 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

WESTERN-German coastal town leading manufacturer requires young Englishman conversant with trade expressions in telecommunication, electronics, engineering, etc., or preferably with own engineering background in these fields and some knowledge of German, for translations and correspondence. Good salary. Please write Box 4293.

ASSISTANT Secretary required who must know Zionist and Jewish Communal Administration. Knowledge of Hebrew and/or experience in journalism an advantage. Applications in writing stating age, qualifications and salary required to the General Secretary, Zionist Offices, 307 Chapeltown Rd, Leeds, 7.

LONDON County Council Junior Clubs and Play Centres. Applications invited from men and women interested in recreational work for school children, to fill accompanist and other vacancies as detailed, which occur from time to time in various parts of London. Junior Clubs (evenings during school terms), Assistants for hobby groups (light crafts, drama and music) and physical activities. Play Centres (evenings during school terms and day times during holidays), Assistants for physical activities. Application forms (giving details of rates of pay, obtainable from the Education Officer (PS.8), County Hall, London, SE1), should be completed and returned as soon as possible. (2215.)

ST JOHN'S & Manor House Hospital Management Committee. St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr Aylesbury. Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a mental hospital with 800 beds, and an extensive outpatient service. The Hospital is within easy reach of London. Candidates must hold a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council scale. Applications, with two names for reference, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

TWO women observers are required to train for a University Research Team studying hospital work (not time and motion study). The investigation may extend over a period of two years. Previous hospital or research experience is not essential; the main qualification will be the ability to observe and record simple tasks without hindering or offending ward staff. The work will be mainly in the Manchester area: salary not less than £450 per annum. Application forms, which must be returned by 22 November, may be obtained from Professor R. W. Revans, Faculty of Technology, University of Manchester, Sackville Street, Manchester 1

WELFARE Assn executive needs personal assistant, man or woman, for administrative and secretarial duties. Responsible, confidential work. Good shorthand and typing essential. SE London. No Sats. Box 4388.

HAMPSTEAD. Matron / Housemistress. Exp. and int. in educ. Small boarding department. Boys/girls 7 to 16. Good salary/holidays. January. Box 4324.

CAREERS Problems Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. WEL. 4047

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON Regional Council of United Nations Assocn seeks expd office secretary interested in international affairs for varied duties. Written applics only to 8 Upper Belgrave St, SW1, stating salary reqd.

LADY Secretary required for West Africa in well-established export business owned by West African. Commercial experience and initiative essential. Age: 30-40 years; 15 months service followed by 10 weeks leave in England. Starting salary £840 per annum. House, servants and transport provided free. Apply giving two references. Box 4213.

QUALIFIED shorthand-typist experienced print and/or publishing to assist the Publications Officer, 5-day, 35-hour week; £530-£575 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Apply Morgan Phillips, Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1.

SPLENDID opportunity for intelligent woman (limit 40) to take sole charge of small block and ink dept at Putney; sense of layout and ability to learn are main requirements. Reply in writing to J. W. Hendry, Careers Consultants, Ltd., 29 Cork Street, London, W1.

SECRETARY, 23/30, for interesting social service post W1. Gd salary. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

LADY Book-keeper/competent shorthand-typist age 25/35 able take charge during Managing Director's absence. Engineering business. Must be responsible person for confidential highly interesting position. State experience, speeds, and salary reqd. 1 min. Datchet Stn, Windsor line. Box 4375.

CLERK-typist/shop assistant (f.) reqd immed. Wages £5-£7. Asian Trading Co., 13 Artillery Passage, E1. BIS. 1142.

PART-time lady car owner for interesting outdoor interviewing/receptionist work for Photographer/Artist. Energetic person of good appearance essential. State domestic responsibilities. Box 4397.

INDIAN young ladies of good family and modern upbringing reqd as Sales Assistants in Handicraft Shop. Reply in own handwriting stating age & exper., if any. Box 4394.

PART-time secretary for inventor, three afternoons per week. WES. 1302.

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GENTLEMAN attendant companion willing to help domestically. 2 Napier Gardens, Hythe, Kent.

A FOREIGN Domestic is the intelligent approach to this problem. Married couples, single men and women available now. Thousands placed annually. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St, W1. GER. 9911.

DISCRIMINATING Employers seeking office staff of either sex are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

SCHOOLS

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (46 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'SOVIET Economic Changes' by Maurice Dobb; 'Tragedy in Cyprus' by a leading Cypriot Trade Unionist; 'Light on Munich', D. N. Pritt, QC, reviews A. F. Rothstein's astonishing book. In the November Labour Monthly, 1s. 8d. post free or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

INTERESTING articles in this month's 'Socialist Standard' include 'Advertising by Stealth', 'The Tory Pension Plan', 'The Methods of Colonel Grivas', 'News from Wales', 'Socialism – One World, One People'. Also a caustic article on the Labour Party Conference. Price 6d. Write to-day for free specimen copy, Socialist Party of Great Britain, 52, Clapham High St, London, SW4.

ESSENTIAL for your bookshelf: 'Love' (21s.), 'Life of Henry Brulard' (25s.).

WANTED. Horizons; Scrutiny's; Criterions; Transitions & sim. Literary Jrnls. Books also purchased. Fisher and Sperr, 46 Highgate High St, London, N6. MOU. 7244.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS bought and sold, English, German and French. M. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, NW6. PRI. 2585.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

LE Livre Français s'achète chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 708

THERE is a closer connexion than is generally realised between a musician's technical problems and his posture. To establish this, however, expert handling is needed in order to give the actual experience of good movement. Niso Ticciati, MA, BMus. (Oxon), LRAM, consultant in instrumental technique, and Jean Gibson, of the Re-education Centre, London, are now arranging in association a short course of classes to meet this need. For further information please telephone either of the above at PAR. 5742 or PAR. 8846.

ITALIAN: Lessons. P. Sequenza, 14 Sevington St, W9. CUN. 4645 from 12 to 2.

SPANISH by native teacher. All grades to GCE. Hampstead. Box 4257.

FRENCH, German, Spanish, Italian – direct method. Reduced fees for long courses. St Giles' School of Languages, 64/66 Oxford Street, W1. MUSeum 4574.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar': Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin. LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

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RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Join our Christmas house-party. Bookings being taken for 1959. Vegetarians especially welcome. Please write in first inst. Box 4030.

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EXPERIENCED secretary offers first-class service; literary, medical, commercial, etc. Faultless transcriptions. Box 4296.

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CHINESE Market. Two weeks only. Sale of Pottery Handicrafts, Linens, Prints, Greeting Cards etc. direct from China. The answer to your Xmas shopping at 228 Gray's Inn Road, WC1, 15-29 November. Open daily (excluding Sundays) 12 a.m.-8 p.m.

BETTY Hope's Unique Boutique, 19 Beauchamp Place, SW3, for attractive & useable presents. S.a.e. for illustrated list.

ABBATT Toyshop. Worthwhile toys make the best Christmas presents. Write for catalogue. Dept. NS, 94 Wimpole Street, W1.

GANYMED Christmas Cards. Bewick's wood-cuts, 6 winter scenes, coloured mounts, small edition, 2s. each including envelope. 3 doz. upwards post free. Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ALLEN-Brown. Send for Christmas list of exclusive English Violet preparations: perfume, toilet soap, talcum powder, bath salts, sachets, perfumed needlework, gift boxes, etc. There is a 50 years' reputation for quality and fragrance. Your friends will appreciate a gift which is unique. – Allen-Brown, Henfield, Sussex.

NEW Curtains for Christmas. Hand-finished, lined or unlined velour curtains delivered second week in December to any address in United Kingdom. Please state colours and lengths reqd when writing for free patterns. Camerons, 25 Wormwood St, London, EC2.

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VOLUNTARY service offered, 2/3 evenings week, experienced children's club leader. Mixed juniors. London. Refs. Box 4337.

RENT-free room exchange for sitting & 4 hours help weekends. MOU. 9995.

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RIVIERA; 5,000 frs. p.w. only for long stay in cosy, cent. heated 16-foot caravan on hill-top site with superb views. Write Churchill, Le Rouret, A.M., France.

SE Lond. Prof. woman, forties, seeks companions, wk-ends, holidays. Box 4376.

WANTED: Italian, Greek, Serbian and Turkish gramophone courses. Box 4333.

TRAVELLED bachelor, interests writing to motor cycling, seeks another, view sharing quarters. Box 4320.

PENTLOW, St Leonards Rd, Eastbourne. Quiet, rest and care in warm, comfortable home after illness or strain. 'Phone Eastbourne 2245.

PART-time housekeeper (afternoons) offered large comf. room, cen. htg, h. & c., cooker, in woman architect's home, & small wage. HAM. 2138 or Box 4119.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Diploma courses. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

ERARD Walnut Grand, elegant, needs repair. Any offers to FLA. 3938.

CHRISTMAS Party. Beatrice Webb Ho., Dorking (Abinger 404). £7 10s for 24/29 Dec. Send £1 deposit to Manageress.

GCE. 1 week's intensive revision course commencing 29 December, London. 'O' or 'A' Level Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics. Coaching in small groups by experienced University Honours Graduates. Telephone MEAdway 1028 or write Box 4311.

EUROPEAN Friendship Fair: Films, photos, sale unusual gifts. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., 27 Nov.-3 Dec. 18 Manor Mansions, Belsize Grove, NW3.

CHRISTMAS/New Year houseparties for young professional people in Surrey, Berkshire and Warwickshire. Few additional members can still be accepted. Costs from 8½ gns. (Christmas), 2 gns. (New Year). Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 or 8881.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Enquire about Visit to UNESCO Building, Paris. Friday, 28 November.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: 28 Nov. weekend 'Looking at Pictures'; 5 Dec. 'Writers' Circle' & 'Handloom Weaving'.

RABINDRANATH Tagore Centenary Exhibition in Calcutta: Would friends and admirers of the Indian poet in possession of personal letters, photographs, souvenirs of various kinds and willing to lend them to be listed and photographed kindly get in touch with Dr Sasadhar Sinha, c/o The Press Attaché, The Indian High Commission, India House, Aldwych, London, WC2? Such material will be gratefully acknowledged, treated most carefully and returned as quickly as possible. All expenses incurred will be reimbursed.

A PORTRAIT Photograph for Christmas by Mark Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, is quite inexpensive. 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

INFORMAL music group. Players invited. Mrs Dunn, HAM. 8109 evgns or wkends.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

HOMOSEXUAL Law Reform Society, which has been said to have 'the most distinguished Honorary Committee of any cause', welcomes help from all who support its aims. Details from The Secretary, Room 29, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

CHILDREN'S Opera Group. Dir.: Margaret John, LRAM. Classes in Singing, Theory of Music, Speech Training and Dramatic Art. Juniors 4-12 yrs. Seniors 12-18 yrs. West End Studios. Enqs. MOU. 5543.

USA. We arrange domestic & Au Pair posts 1 year minimum. Personal interview preferred. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO 3141.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

CONTINENT. Au pair posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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PERSONAL—continued

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2 Girls (BA, publishing/advertising) seek 3rd share flat. W. Ken. Own room. 2½ gns. FUL. 7279.

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MAN, 28-32, wanted to share Chelsea flat. £13 per month. Ring KNI. 2023 before 4.30 p.m.

DBLE bedrm and sit.-rm in centrally heated flat, well-kept house. Use k. & b. Share with prof. woman. AMB. 1363.

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SUNNY garden bed-sitting room, breakfast, NW3. Ring PRI. 0413.

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CATERHAM Stn 3 min., Charing X 40 min. BA (L.), 33, offers lge rm with French windows, in s/c. pt furn. flat, share kit./bth./gdn. 35s. Box 4325.

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YOUNG business man, cockeyed optimist, seeks quiet s/c furn. flat. Privacy essential. Moderate rent ditto. Central location pref. Situation desperate, sinking fast. No neurotic landladies. Box 4132.

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OPERA AND BALLET

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COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET

17 & 21 Nov. at 7.30 Agon. Giselle
22 Nov. at 2.0 Noctambules, Giselle.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

18 Nov. at 7.30 Samson
19 & 22 Nov. at 7.0 Aida (in Italian)
20 Nov. at 7.30 The Bartered Bride.

COV. 1066

THE GRAND THEATRE
WOLVERHAMPTON

Touring Opera 1958 presents
17-22 November

Mon. Carmen
Tues. Madame Butterfly
Wed. The Bartered Bride
Thurs. Don Giovanni
Fri. Cav. & Pag.
Sat. (mat.) The Bartered Bride
Sat. (evg.) The Barber of Seville
Evenings at 7.15 Sat. Mat. 2.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

Tel. TER. 1672. Evenings at 7.30
18 & 20 Nov. Falstaff
19, 21, 25 & 29 Nov. The Merry Widow
22 Nov. The Flying Dutchman
26 & 28 Nov. Il Seraglio
27 Nov. Samson & Delilah

OPERA Circle. Sun. 16 Nov. 1958 at 8 p.m., Institute of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17-18 Dover St, W1. 'The Flying Dutchman', Wagner. Intro. by Dennis Arundell, illus. by Elizabeth Fretwell, John Larsen, David Ward, Harold Blackburn. At the piano: Tom Hammond. Partics: Hon. Sec. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu/Fri. 8, Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'Garden of Loneliness'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue. 3-yr fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mon. to Fri. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wd. 2.30. Samuel Beckett's 'End-Game' & 'Krapp's Last Tape'. 'A Shattering Theatrical Experience'—Milton Shulman, Evening Standard.

TEMPO Theatre Club. BAY. 7196. 18 Chepstow Villas, W11. Machiavelli's 'Mandragola', adaptation by Chas. Marowitz. Thurs., Fri., Sat. 8 p.m. Sunday 3 p.m.

TOWER. 7.30, 14, 15 Nov., 'Pillars of Society'. 21, 22 (Mems. 23), 27, 28, 29 Nov., 'Importance of Being Earnest'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

TH. Royal E15. MAR. 5973. Evs. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Call Me Not Naomi', Ruth Messinger. Fri.-Sun., 7.45. Audience discussion, Sat., Sun. Mems.

CONCERTS

JOHN Francis & Millicent Silver. 'Les flûtes en famille.' An entertainment presenting the flute family at home and in the orchestra, introducing all the different sizes of flutes in use today. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm, Sat. 22 Nov. 8.15. WAT. 3191.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m.; 19 November: Rumanian, Bulgarian and British Folk Songs by Esther Salaman (mezzo-soprano) accompanied by Paul Hamburger. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light Refreshments avail. 7-7.40 p.m.

ST Cecilia's Day Concert. Sat. 22 Nov. 7.30. Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W1. Works by Buxtehude, Handel, Purcell (Timon of Athens), Telemann, Vivaldi. Soloists: Ilse Wolf, Gerald English, Norman Platt; Sylvia Cleaver, Lucy Moor, Jennifer Ryan. Choir. Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Bergmann. Adm, 3s. 6d, from registrar or at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

SCR: Play Reading by Method Workshop of Gogol's 'The Marriage' on Tues. 18 Nov.; and Mayakovsky's 'The Bug' on Tues. 16 Dec. Both 7.30 p.m. at 14 Kensington Square, W8. Adm. 2s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WCI. Sat. 15 Nov. 7.30-11 p.m. Tkts 4s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group Today Sat., 15 Nov., 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. The Gorki Trilogy. Till 16 Nov.: 'My Apprenticeship' (U). From 17 Nov.: 'My Universities' (U).

ROXY. BAY 2345. Wk c. 16 Nov. 7 days, Freda Jackson, 'Women of Twilight' (X). Burt Lancaster, 'His Majesty O'Keefe' (U).

EXHIBITIONS

THE Crafts Centre of Great Britain. Christmas Exhibition of Fine Crafts at 16/17 Hay Hill, London, W1, until 10 January. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., Merlyn Evans – New Paintings. Staite Murray – Pottery. Vlaminck – early Wood-cuts, Lithos. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Till 19 Nov.

ICA. 17 Dover Street, W1. Three Collagists: E. L. T. Mesens, John McHale, Gwyther Irwin. 5-29 Nov. Admission 1s. Members free. Weekdays 10-6. Sats 10-1. Library: Drawings by Lin Show Yu, 5-29 Nov.

ANNOUNCING the opening of the new Gallery at the USIS Cultural Affairs Building, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Square, W1. '17 American Artists' exhibit from the American Pavilion, Brussels International Exhibition 1958. Open 1-22 Nov.: daily 9-6. Sat. 12.30-4.30.

DISCURIO, London's fabulous new record and hi-fi shop in Shepherd Market, presents 'Black Music' – classical, folk, calypso, jazz, native instruments, carvings, etc. 20 November-12 December at 9 Shepherd Street, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. Some important Italian and Spanish Paintings, 1450-1650. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Water colour drawings & paintings Patrick Hall; Recent paintings Petley-Jones. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

PHOENIX Picture Gallery, 38 William IV Street, London, WC2. Current exhibition: Picasso, Braque, Matisse in superb reproductions. Daily: 9.30-6; Sats: till 1 o'clock. Or write for free catalogue of prints – Old Masters, Impressionists, Moderns.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Heiliger's Sculpture – First Exhibition in England. Closing 22 November.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Paolozzi – Sculpture. Until 31 December. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PAINTINGS from The Urvater Collection, Brussels. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 14 December. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

SCHOOL Prints, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1. 2,000 colour prints and lithographs always in stock. Picture hire schemes. Sculpture replicas and photographs. Special framing undertaken by Motcomb Frames, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1.

THE Partisan. 7 Carlisle St, W1. ULR 12 Painters. Ayrton, Bury, de Francia, Greaves, Herman, Korn, Middleditch, Miskin, Richards, Roberts, Turner, Zulawski. Exhibition open 10 a.m. to midnight every day.

ST George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1, Michael Ayrton's Greek Suite: 6 colour lithographs together with drawings and bronzes of Greece and the Greeks. 10-6 weekdays, 10-1 Saturdays. 4 November-1 December.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jackson Pollock Retrospective 1912-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

FINSBURY Art Group Autumn Exhibition of members' work. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Ave, EC1. 10 Nov.-22 Nov. (closed Sundays).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1, André Masson Retrospective Exhibition. Until 19 Nov. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1, MAYfair 4419. 19-22 Nov. Five Pakistani Painters. S. Arrobus. Denis Lowson. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MAREVNA (pointillist-cubist) – exhibition of works, inc. portraits of Picasso, Modigliani, Matisse, Gorky & others, at Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. To 30 November. Daily 2-6, Suns. inc.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Christoforou New paintings. Oct.-Nov.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Michael Southgate. 2-30 Nov.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES AND LEFT REVIEW CLUB
PETER TOWNSEND: 'CONVICTION: EQUALITY AND WELFARE' The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon., 17 Nov., 7.30, 2s. Mems. 1s

LONDON Schools Left Club, 21 Nov., 5.45. (Speaker to be announced.) 'Israel in Middle East', 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d., members free. (School students only.)

ULR Educ. Group Tu. 18 Nov. 6 p.m. 7 Carlisle St, D. J. Johnston & J. Elsinbine, 'Competing with the USA & USSR'. 1s.

ULR Tuesday Forum. Ella Winter report from China. Tues. 18 November, 1 p.m. at The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'Do we need a new Social Conscience?' D. V. Donnison, Wed. 19 Nov., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

RT Hon. Philip Noel-Baker, MP, speaks on 'The Arms Race' for UNA Westminster Branch at National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, SW1, on Tuesday, 18 November, at 8 p.m.

'THE Great Experiment in American Literature.' Sixth of 7 lectures on Tuesday evenings, 6.30 p.m., presented by The Cultural Affairs Office, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Sq. Geoffrey Moore (Univ. of Manchester) speaks on 'Wallace Stevens: A Hero of our Time', 18 Nov.

'FLYING Dutchman' (Wagner): Lecture by Dennis Arundell (producer of the new production at Sadler's Wells): excerpts sung by Elizabeth Fretwell, William McAlpine, Harold Blackburn and David Ward (who appear by permission of Sadler's Wells Trust Ltd). At the piano, Tom Hammond. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (nr Sadler's Wells). Mon. 17 Nov., 7.30. Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 14 Nov. 8 p.m., F. C. Gregory (Head, Deleg. of Brit. Teachers of Russian, Moscow '58): 'A Month's Study in Russia'. Illus. with slides.

AFRICAN Forum – Delegation-Representative FLN speaks on Algeria. Wed. 19 Nov. 7 p.m. 32 Percy St, W1. (Tot. Ct Rd).

SPLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 16 Nov. John Lewis, Ph.D. 'The Modern Threat to the Individual'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

SCR Talks: Soviet Draft Criminal and Criminal Procedure Codes, by B. S. Krylov, Thurs., 20 Nov.; Developments in Soviet Political Democracy, by Maurice Hookham, Thurs., 27 Nov. Both at 14 Kensington Sq., W8, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s.

FULL-length English dialogue Israeli film 'Hill 24 Doesn't Answer'. Liberal Jewish Synagogue Hall, 28 St John's Wood Rd, NW8. Thu. 20 Nov. 8.15. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 22 November at 6 p.m. Mr Peter Clark: 'Astrology & Life'.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. J. B. Coates and Bruce Wavell on 'Science and Scientism', 20 Buckingham St, WC2, 19 Nov., 7.30 p.m.

GRODDECK'S Notion of the Fourfold Individuum. Oscar Köllerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1. 17 Nov., 8.15 p.m.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

CAXTON Hall. This month the lecturer at the usual third Thursday of the month meeting of the Druid Order will be Mir Bashir. Subject: 'The Mystery Cult of Hands and Stones'.

'KEEP Your Sight', Doris Brock (Bates' pract.), Mon. 17 Nov., 7.30. Caxton Hall. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 21 Nov. 8.30 p.m. 'The Influence of Stars on Mankind'. R. S. Nehra, BA. Robert Crosbie House. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'English Feudalism and Estates in Land' will be delivered by Professor S. E. Thorne (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on 24 November at University College (Eugenics Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art. Questions and Answers. Reg. Butler will answer questions about aspects of his art set by Robert Melville. Members 1s 6d. Guests 3s. Thursday, 20 November, 8.15 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Poetry. Dr Allen Tate will speak about American Poets and read from their work. Chairman: Donald Carne Ross. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Tuesday, 18 November, 8.15 p.m.

ROYAL Society of British Sculptors. Mr Laurence Stone of Wadham College, Oxford, will deliver the Reynolds-Stephens Memorial Lecture on 'English Gothic Sculpture' at 6 Queen Square, WC1, on 20 Nov. at 6.15 p.m. Apply to the Secretary for limited number of free tickets.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 16 November, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., J. B. Coates: 'Science and Scientism'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Suns 3.30, Sanskrit Class for Beginners (free) by A. H. Hemrajani, MA. 5 p.m. Swami Ghanananda: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs. 27 Nov., 7.30, Caxton Hall SW1: Teachings Common to 6 Systems of Indian Philosophy. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 18 Nov. Robert Aickman, 'British Inland Waterways'. Illustrated.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 19 Nov., 6.30 sharp: 'Meditation, Buddhist & Quaker', E. A. Davies. Also Saturday Group, 22 Nov., 3 p.m. (readings, discussion & tea – open to all; bring your friends!). Read 'The Middle Way', leading English language Buddhist journal, 2s 10d quarterly post free. Information TAT. 1313.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture, Sun., 16 Nov., 8 p.m. 'The Theosophical Movement'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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DIPLOMA in Religious Education. Applications for admission in October 1959 to the above mentioned full-time course should be made as soon as possible to The Registrar, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1, from whom further details may be obtained. The course is intended for qualified graduate teachers with not less than five years' experience; successful candidates will be eligible to apply for financial assistance as set out in the Ministry of Education Administrative Memorandum No. 560.

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